

THE  
FAIRY FOUR-LEAF

*Outdoor Plays for Girls*

BY  
CAROLA BELL



Class PN 6120

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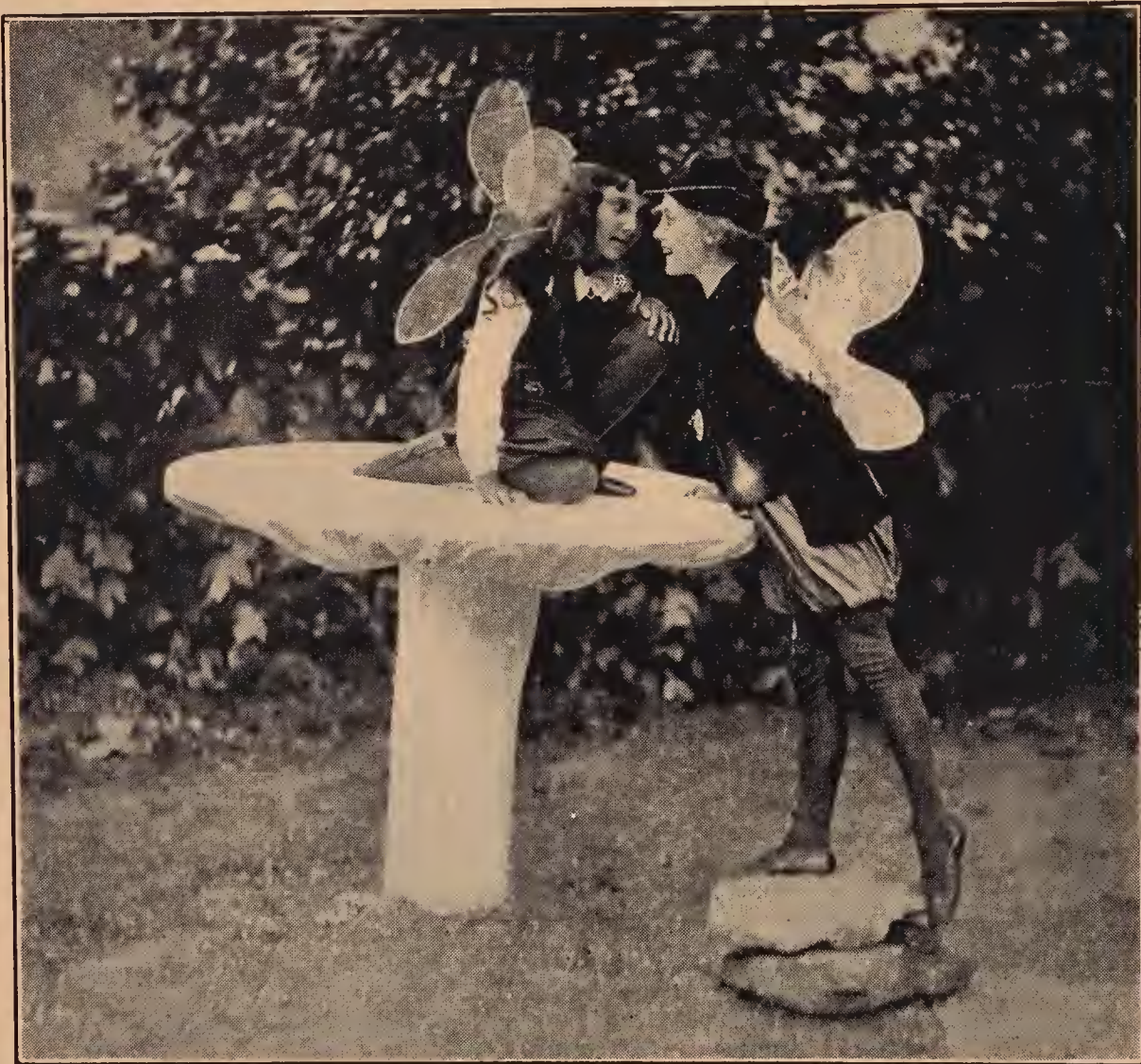




# THE FAIRY FOUR-LEAF







*Teeny and Tiny*

# THE FAIRY FOUR-LEAF

*Outdoor Plays for Girls*

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THE FAIRY FOUR-LEAF  
FAIRY TALE WOOD  
THE PAGEANT OF CHUNN'S COVE  
THE LAND OF THE GLAD HEART

BY  
CAROLA BELL



NEW YORK  
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TO  
THOSE GROWN-UP MORTALS  
WHO CHANGE OUR SUMMERS  
INTO FAIRYLAND.





## CANNY

I ken the place where doon, way doon  
'Neath greeny blade an' silver stoon,  
The teeny, tiny elfies lie,  
An' winkin', blinkin' mousies try  
To nibble at their wee fay shoon.

Where is't that 'neath the summer moon  
The elfies sing sich silver tune  
That starlets twinkle in the sky?  
I ken the place!

Where in some magic spot o' noon  
The elfies all take off their shoon  
An' wade in dew drops, an' then try  
To splash a passin' butterfly—  
(Though you'll ne'er know, be't late or soon.)  
I ken the place!

C. B.



## PREFACE

Camp directors, dramatic counsellors, and dancing teachers have been saying the following things for a good many years:

We want to give a play which:

Will be related to our out-of-door life.

May be produced in our Fairy Ring, or on the edge of our lake.

Will be worth doing, but

Will demand only the minimum of time for rehearsals.

Will be effective, but

Very inexpensive.

May be used as the vehicle for the dances learned in class; and has an elastic cast, suitable to our particular number.

As a dramatic counsellor in Chunn's Cove Camp, Asheville, North Carolina, I said these same things. For six years I searched and searched; and because my search was in vain, these little plays were written.

The first and third masques we produced in Chunn's Cove in 1919, 1920, and 1923. Each year we devoted only one week to actual rehearsals, to the making of

costumes, settings, and properties. All four plays may be acted by girls of various ages, and all four may be given on the simplest or the most elaborate woodland stage.

I wish to express my thanks to Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Allis for their permission to offer here the playlets written especially for their camp in The Land of the Sky, and for the photographs; to those dear little friends who first were Teeny and Tiny, Tedinia, and the rest; to Miss Luella Cornish of the Francis Parker School, Chicago, for arranging the music of "The Fairy Four-Leaf"; and for arranging the dances of that same play, I wish to thank Miss Victoria Sheffield-Cassan of Pavlowa's Ballet.

Cambridge, 1923.

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THE FAIRY FOUR-LEAF

*A Masque in Four Scenes*

# THE FAIRY FOUR-LEAF

## Characters

TEDINIA— <i>A little girl</i>	COCKLE
FIDDLEDEEDEE— <i>A fairy,</i> <i>disguised first as an old</i> <i>woman</i>	ROSEDREAM MOONBEAMS SHADOWS
TWINKLABIT	LITTLE-OWLETS
GAYLEAF	HOPPY-FROGS
SPARKLE	DRAGONFLIES
FLEETWING	FIREFLIES
HUM	THE GREAT NIGHT MOTH
BUZZ	THE BAT
CHUCKLE	DANCERS OF THE MISTS
THISTLEDOWN	MIGUIEL— <i>King of the</i> <i>Gypsies</i>
MERRYSONG	THE GYPSY BAND
SILVERSTART	

*Scene I. In the strange, dark wood.*

*Scene II. In the Magic Circle.*

*Scene III. The Same—when the eyes can see.*

*Scene IV. The Gypsy Encampment.*

Originally produced August, 1922, by Chunn's Cove Camp.  
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## THE FAIRY FOUR-LEAF

### SCENE I

*[The stage is in darkness while the chorus sings the following]:*

We have a story to tell you about a fearful wood,  
Where owls and froggies speak clearly, are plainly  
understood.

It is of Tedinia's wanderings—Of her we mean to tell—  
How she found a four-leaf clover and fell beneath a  
fairy spell.

You'll hear how the great Moth danced for her, how  
dragonflies and all

The woodland creatures answered at her every beck  
and call.

Then harken while we are singing about this maiden  
fair,

Of how she found the four-leaf, the four-leaf clover  
rare!

*[Then the lights begin to glow and we see the edge of  
the dark, strange wood. TEDINIA enters fear-  
fully.]*

TEDINIA

Yoo-hoooo! Yooo-hoooo!

## THE FAIRY FOUR-LEAF

## A LITTLE VOICE

Who? WHO?

TEDINIA

[*Much relieved*]: Is some one really there, and are you talking to me?

THE VOICE

Who? WHO?

TEDINIA

I don't really care Who's Who; but I would like to know——

VOICE

Who? WHO? WHO?

TEDINIA

Who am I? Oh, my name is Tedinia—after my Daddy. Tedinia from Teddy, you know. . . .

VOICE

[*Laughing*]: Whooooooooo! Whoooooooooooo!

TEDINIA

[*Hurt*]: Please don't laugh. I—I like my name. And besides—if you don't mind I wish you would show me the way back.

VOICE

Who?

TEDINIA

I told you what my name is—and now I—I really would like to know the way back, because—well, because I guess I'm lost. [*She waits; but the dark wood*

*is silent*] I've never been in the forest before—ever! Not even in the daytime. But I thought I could find my way to the Magic Circle, the Fairy Ring, you know. I thought I could find my way there without the slightest trouble because you just stumble into it,—in the fairy books. My Daddy told me so.

VOICE

Who?

TEDINIA

[*Patiently*]: My Daddy. . . . He used to read to me before he—went away. [*She stops a moment*] They wouldn't let me bring my fairy books and Aunt Jane hasn't any. But I'm not minding much. I'm just trying to stumble into the Fairy Ring all by myself. [*She laughs*] I've stumbled a lot—but not into the Ring. Perhaps Gayleaf is away.

VOICE

[*Sharply*]: Who?

TEDINIA

Gayleaf, the guardian of the Ring. Perhaps she's away! Perhaps the Ring is closed for the season. Most everything in the city closes for the season at some time or other. Maybe it's the same out here. [*Pause*] Please! Won't you show me the way back to Aunt Jane's? She lives in a little white house on a long, twisty road. I must get back, for if Aunt Jane were to go to my room and find me gone she would scold. I



know she would. Aunt Jane means to be kind—but she's a— [*She hesitates.*]

A NEW VOICE

[*Harshly*]: Crank! Crank!

TEDINIA

Oh, my goodness! I didn't mean anything as bad as that. Aunt Jane is particular, that's all. And she's afraid of the gypsies.

THE NEW VOICE

CRANK! CRANK! CRANK!

TEDINIA

Please don't say it again. Just show me the way.

FIRST VOICE

Who? Who?

TEDINIA

[*Patiently*]: Show me, Tedinia, the way back to Aunt Jane's. [*A little light glows and seems to be leading her off left*] Oh, thank you. I'm ever so grateful! [*But it leads her about in a circle.*]

THE FIRST AND SECOND VOICES

Crank! Who? CRANK! WHO?

TEDINIA

[*Almost in tears*]: I believe you're just making fun of me . . . you're just teasing. People in the city are much kinder to little girls,—much more polite. [*The*





*Fiddledeedee, Tedinia, and The Dancers of the Nists*





*light comes to rest on the ground near a big tree]*  
Why—[*She sits*—it looks almost like a spark from  
Daddy's pipe . . . only Daddy's pipe has gone out.  
[*She watches it a minute*] Daddy believed in the Fairy  
Ring, but he didn't know it was so hard to stumble  
into.

[*Wearily she rests her head against the trunk of the  
tree, from behind which comes an old woman, carry-  
ing a lanthorn.*]

## OLD WOMAN

[*In the manner of the THREE BEARS*]: Who's been  
knocking on my door?

## TEDINIA

[*Jumping up*]: It must have been me—I mean, *I*.  
I mean, *I* must have been the one who knocked on it—  
only I didn't know it was a door and I didn't know  
it was yours. I'm sorry if I disturbed you.

## OLD WOMAN

Fiddledeedee! What's it to me? It's nice to have  
company once in a while!

## TEDINIA

[*Brightening*]: Isn't it! Only I can't stay. I must  
go right back to Aunt Jane's. She doesn't know I'm  
away . . . and Aunt Jane is a——

## THE SECOND VOICE

[*Hoarsely*]: CRANK!

TEDINIA

[*Shaking her head vigorously*]: No! Not a crank!  
Just a most particular person!

OLD WOMAN

Can't you stay just a wee little while?

TEDINIA

[*Thoughtfully*]: A wee little while? Perhaps . . .

OLD WOMAN

Good!

THE FIRST VOICE

Who?

TEDINIA

[*Confidentially*]: People around here ask a lot of questions—and they aren't always polite! 'Course, I don't mean you; but the other people——

OLD WOMAN

You're sure its—people?

TEDINIA

I haven't seen anybody—but there's lots of talk.  
And only *people* talk.

OLD WOMAN

Really? . . . Only people?

TEDINIA

Oh, parrots do—and phonographs! Nothing else though.

OLD WOMAN

Tedinia, you are blind!—Oh, yes you are! Very blind! But if you like I will make you see.

TEDINIA

But truly—I'm not blind. Daddy said I had good eyes.

OLD WOMAN

In the woods?

TEDINIA

We never went into the woods. Daddy couldn't go out, you know!

OLD WOMAN

To be sure . . . to be sure.

TEDINIA

He always said I had very good eyes. I could see ever so much from the window.

OLD WOMAN

Indeed, you may have good eyes for the city, my child; but out here—out here you are blind, quite blind.

THE FIRST VOICE

Who? WHO?

OLD WOMAN

You can't see who's talking, can you now?

TEDINIA

[*Peering around*]: No. Everything's just as black. But I can see you, because you have the lanthorn.

Won't *you* please show me the way back to Aunt Jane's?

OLD WOMAN

I might—but I'd rather not, just yet. I'd rather cure you of your blindness.

TEDINIA

[*Eagerly*]: You think you could?

OLD WOMAN

Of course!

TEDINIA

Would it—hurt?

OLD WOMAN

It would be very pleasant.

TEDINIA

And what would I see if I weren't blind?

OLD WOMAN

You would see the moonbeams dance with the shadows. You'd see the inquisitive children of the wood.

TEDINIA

The inquisitive children?

OLD WOMAN

Yes. And the little croakers, too. Besides, Tedinia, lots of ashes from your Daddy's pipe.

TEDINIA

[*Joyously*]: He's still smoking it then—even though he has—gone away?

OLD WOMAN

'Yes. . . . And if I cure you of blindness, I'll show you how dreams are woven and you will be happy forever.

TEDINIA

Happy forever?

OLD WOMAN

He who dreams has true happiness! Of the rich, the poor, the great, the small,—there's not one who cannot have happiness if he possesses a dream!

TEDINIA

Please, please! Cure me of blindness. I do so want to see.

OLD WOMAN

Then you *shall* see. But first we must have the charm. Here, take the lanthorn. You must find—what you can find.

TEDINIA

Is it high or low?

OLD WOMAN

I believe that it is—low. And if it's right for you to find it—if it's right that you should be cured—you'll come upon it almost immediately.



TEDINIA

[*Searching eagerly*]: Will I know the charm? Will it have printing on it? Will it say "FAIRY CHARM"?

OLD WOMAN

[*Laughs*]: We shall see—what we shall see.

TEDINIA

Oh, look! Here's a four-leaf clover! A beautiful big one! May I pick it—or is it in your garden?

OLD WOMAN

[*Slowly*]: I—believe that—you—may—pick it!  
[TEDINIA picks it. The old woman disappears. A tiny fairy is seen hovering overhead for a minute. TEDINIA drowzes and finally sleeps. The stage grows dark as music swells. Then the following chorus is sung]:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie:  
There I crouch when owls do cry,  
On a bat's back do I fly,  
After summer, merrily.  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

[*This is the end of the first scene.*]

## SCENE II

*[The Magic Circle. The lights go on, disclosing the enchanted nook. At the right, tall daisies canopy a white toadstool; at the left is a large, glistening spiderweb. The song ended, the lights play full upon the Fairy Ring, flooding it in rainbow colors, while the fairies dance.]*

FIDDLEDEEDEE

*[Springing in]:* Fairies all! Gayleaf, Sparkle, Twinklabit, Fleetwing, Hum and Buzz, Chuckle, Thistledown, Silverstart, Merry-song, Cockle and Rose-dream! *[They all gather 'round as she springs onto the toadstool]* I've done it . . . !

GAYLEAF

Done what?

SPARKLE

Where have you been? We've missed you!

FLEETWING

Fiddledeedee! I've hunted everywhere!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

I've done it—and I'm so happy!

## THE FAIRY FOUR-LEAF

TWINKLABIT

Done what? For goodness' sake, tell us about it!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

Well—[*She hugs herself gleefully*]

HUM AND BUZZ

Well?

FIDDLEDEEDEE

I've let some one find the Fairy Four-leaf!

ALL

No!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

Yes!

SILVERSTART

But, Fiddledeedee, you know——

FIDDLEDEEDEE

Of course, I know. . . . Haven't I been guarding that Four-leaf Clover for years and years and years?

MERRYSONG

But, Fiddledeedee, it may cause trouble!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

But ("Fiddledeedee!") It won't!

THISTLEDOWN

It isn't right that every one should see!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

Every one isn't going to see. Just—Tedinia!

CHUCKLE

That little girl you've been following about so much lately?

FIDDLEDEEDEE

[*Stoutly*]: Yes,—she needed me. You see her Father—went away! And she never knew her Mother!

ALL

[*Who have been flitting about in an ever changing rainbow, like butterflies about a flower, are suddenly motionless. They speak sadly—and the sound comes like a sigh*]: Oh . . . !

ROSEDREAM

[*After an instant, dancing happily*]: Then I'm glad that you let her find the Fairy Four-leaf!

GAYLEAF

[*Springing into motion*]: And so am I!

COCKLE

And I!

THE OTHERS

And I! And I! And I!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

Then it's unanimous?

ALL

Yes! Yes!

TWINKLABIT

Where is she, Fid?

FIDDLEDEEDEE

On the other side of the pool, fast asleep.

BUZZ

You're not going to keep her all to yourself? That wouldn't be fair!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

No. You may help cure her. You may weave the spell.

HUM

And you're going to let her see *everything*?

FIDDLEDEEDEE

Everything!—So long as she keeps the charm.  
[*She springs down and whirls about.*]

ROSEDREAM

Oh, how happy she will be!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

[*Stopping in her mad dance*]: And guess what?

ALL

What?

FIDDLEDEEDEE

She was trying to stumble into the Magic Circle!

FLEETWING

We don't allow any one to do that any more!  
Didn't you tell her so?

FIDDLEDEEDEE

No . . . I didn't tell her.

CHUCKLE

Then—let's let Tedinia stumble into it!

ALL

Let's!!!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

I was hoping you'd come to my way of thinking!

SPARKLE

*Your* way? I guess we all think the same! We *want* Tedinia to stumble into the Magic Circle! So there!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

[*Laughs*]: All right! You weave the spell. . . . I'll bring Tedinia!

[*She hurries out left. The fairies join hands and dance about the toadstool, weaving in and out. The stage grows dark.*]



### SCENE III

*[The stage is at first in darkness, then gradually grows light, with rainbow colors playing on the fairies while they dance about the toadstool on which TEDINIA, a huge four-leaf in her hands, lies sound asleep. FIDDLEDEEDEE stands beside her. The fairies sing the following]:*

“You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs be not seen:  
Newts and blindworms do no harm—  
Come not near our fairy charm,  
Hence away!  
Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lull-lullaby,  
Never harm, but spell and charm,  
Come our little lady nigh.  
So good night.  
Weaving spiders come not here:  
Hence, you long-legged spiders, hence!  
Worm, nor snail, do no offense!  
Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lull-lullaby.”

FIDDLEDEEDEE

*[Her finger on her lips]: Sssh! She's waking!*

GAYLEAF

I wonder if the cure's complete?

SPARKLE

I *hope* that she can see!

[*They all watch breathlessly as TEDINIA moves.*]

TEDINIA

[*Stretching sleepily*]: Ho Hum! [*She rubs her eyes*] Why! I'm in—[*She rubs her eyes again*] I'm in the Fairy Circle!

ALL

[*Clapping their hands*]: She can see! She can see!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

Of course she can see. Tedinia is just the person who *would* see—if she had the slightest chance!

TEDINIA

Aren't you all lovely! [*Looking around eagerly*]  
Which one is Gayleaf?

GAYLEAF

[*Stepping forward*]: I'm Gayleaf, Tedinia.

TEDINIA

You're even lovelier than I thought you would be.

HUM

Gayleaf's blushing!



GAYLEAF

[*Stamping her little foot*]: I am not . . . !

TEDINIA

But you're all much bigger than I thought you would be. I always thought that fairies were small!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

What are you sitting on, Tedinia?

TEDINIA

[*Surprised*]: A toadstool!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

And what are those—up there?

TEDINIA

[*Looking at the daisies swaying high overhead*]: Why—they are daisies!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

And what are you carrying?

TEDINIA

[*Holding up the huge four-leaf*]: The Fairy Four-leaf.—I must have shrunk! Why, I must be *very* tiny!

CHUCKLE

You are! You're tinier than we are!

TEDINIA

[*To FIDDLEDEEDEE*]: Somehow, it seems as though I had seen you before . . .

FIDDLEDEEDEE

[*In the voice of the OLD WOMAN*]: Who's been knocking on my door? [*She laughs*] Fiddledeedee! What's it to me! It's nice to have company once in a while!

TEDINIA

[*Gasps*]: Why! You were the old woman! [FIDDLEDEEDEE *nods*] You helped me find the Four-leaf! Oh, thank you! Thank you!

SILVERSTART

[*Eagerly*]: And I helped to weave the spell!

TEDINIA

[*Most politely*]: Thank you, too, Miss——

FIDDLEDEEDEE

[*Laughing*]: Her name is Silverstart. And they all helped to weave the spell.

TEDINIA

You've made me so happy.—Daddy always said there was a Fairy Ring. I wish he could be here, too.

FIDDLEDEEDEE

[*Hastily*]: And we're happy, for now you aren't blind.

TEDINIA

Can I see the moonbeams dance with the shadows?

FIDDLEDEEDEE

Yes. Gayleaf! [GAYLEAF comes forward and FIDDLEDEEDEE whispers in her ear. In turn, as their names are called the others receive their instructions and flit away.] Sparkle! Fleetwing! Hum and Buzz!—They're twins, you know.—Chuck! Thistle-down! Merrysong! Silverstart! Cockle! Rose-dream! Excuse me for whispering, but it will be a lot more fun not knowing it all beforehand.

[MOONBEAMS and SHADOWS enter. FIDDLEDEEDEE joins them and they dance, weaving in and out, the dark and the light.]

TEDINIA

[When they have finished]: It was lovely! Thank you a thousand times . . .

FIDDLEDEEDEE

I'm a little out of practice. I used to play with them often—but I've been too busy of late.

VOICE OFF STAGE

Who? Whooooo?

TEDINIA

There's the person who asks so many questions.

FIDDLEDEEDEE

[Laughs]: That! That's one of the inquisitive children of the wood!

[The LITTLE OWLETS enter and dance.]





*The Little Owlets Dance for Tedinia*





TEDINIA

They were little owls—and I never knew! [*She laughs.*]

FIDDLEDEEDEE

[*Teasing*]: Only parrots and phonographs talk, you know . . .

[*They laugh together.*]

TEDINIA

I'm so glad I can see! Are there any more?

FIDDLEDEEDEE

I've sent the whole Fairy Ring out to bring in the woodland creatures that they may dance for you.

[*The DRAGONFLIES enter and dance.*]

FIDDLEDEEDEE

Some people call them dragonflies—and some, darn-ing needles, but they are really the weavers—the em-broiderers of the tapestries of dreams.

TEDINIA

[*Who has learned her lesson*]: And those who have dreams have happiness?

FIDDLEDEEDEE

Yes. You must dream, little Tedinia, and strive to make your dreams come true. Ah! Listen!

[*THE GREAT NIGHT MOTH dances—then THE BAT whirls in!*]

And now the croakers—the little croakers!

[*The HOPPY-FROGS enter and dance!*]

TEDINIA

[*Gleefully*]: And they are what said "Crank!"

FIDDLEDEEDEE

Yes, they said "Crank!" Now you'll dance for me?

TEDINIA

I can't dance, truly!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

Here's the fairy pipe! Try it!

[*She hands TEDINIA a reed, and the music begins—a little pastoral fluting,—then the melody is repeated, a bit modified, to which a HOPPY-FROG, ludicrously graceless, mimics the child's steps. They circle about the toadstool, first TEDINIA, then the little FROG, dancing.*]

TEDINIA

[*At last, as FIDDLEDEEDEE applauds her dance*]: That was fun; but dear me, it's getting night time. Aunt Jane will be upset!

BUZZ

[*Tripping in*]: Don't worry, Tedinia. I've just been to the little white house on the long, twisty road, and Aunt Jane is sound asleep!

HUM

[*Who has followed*]: She's dreaming that you're eating custard pie very daintily—and she's quite happy!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

Thanks, Hum and Buzz! That saves us a great deal of anxiety.

TEDINIA

I'm so glad she's not worried. You see she heard that there were gypsies, and she's afraid, so afraid. . . . But I just *had* to find the Fairy Ring.

[HUM and BUZZ retire. *The stage grows dark. Little FIREFLIES circle and dance about the toadstool, their lanthorns reflecting in the pool.*]

TEDINIA

[*When they have flitted out again, and the lights begin to glow*]: They are like the ashes from Daddy's pipe!

FIDDLEDEEDEE

And you may see them almost every night, in the woods, 'cross the meadow, or down in the glen. [TEDINIA  *rubs her eyes*] What! Sleepy already?

TEDINIA

A little. But please, I don't mean to be impolite. . . . And if—Aunt Jane's so afraid . . . I mustn't be, must I? And Gypsies. . . .

[*She drowns. The DANCERS OF THE MISTS appear and sway to soft music. TEDINIA's Four-Leaf falls to the ground. FIDDLEDEEDEE takes it up. She runs with it to the dancers, who carry it with*



*them when they sway off, left. One by one the Fairies enter, and after kissing the sleeping child, they form a ring and slowly circle to soft music. The lights grow dim, and finally the stage is darkened.]*

SCENE IV

[*The stage becomes light during the singing of a rollicking gypsy song. We see the encampment, men and women seated about the fire, wagons, and horses tied, in the background. The gypsies swing into a dance.*]

MIGUIEL

[*Enters, carrying TEDINIA in his arms*]: Make way there—and no noise! The little one's asleep!

A WOMAN

[*Coming closer*]: What a pretty baby!

MIGUIEL

No baby, but a little girl—lost in the wood.

THE WOMAN

You—*found* her?

MIGUIEL

Yes.—Lying fast asleep near a tiny pool . . . like this one only very small.

ANOTHER WOMAN

See how she smiles. She must dream sweetly. . . .

## FIRST WOMAN

Perhaps of the fairies!  
[*Some laugh.*]

## MIGUIEL

Silence! Do not waken her. [*He sits down by the fire with TEDINIA in his arms*] Some broth for the little one if she be hungry when she wakes! [*A woman puts a kettle on the fire.*]

## A MAN

[*Aside to a woman*]: How sad the king is. He remembers!

## THE WOMAN

Yes. . . . He remembers. Two years ago he lost her. 'Tis strange the Great Being should take one so young and fair. . . .  
[*Near the wagons is a burst of laughter.*]

## MIGUIEL

Sssssh! Here, boy! [*A lad comes up*] Let them be silent! [*The youth goes to the wagons. All is quiet again.*]

## TEDINIA

[*At last opening her eyes*]: Daddy!  
[*MIGUIEL, who has been watching her hungrily, starts.*]

## MIGUIEL

Little One!

## TEDINIA

No. . . . You're not my Daddy—but you're nice!

MIGUIEL

[*Tenderly*]: Little One, Little One!

TEDINIA

[*Snuggling into his arms*]: I'm glad that you found me. [*Pause*] I was dreaming—NO! I *was* in the Fairy Ring! I found the Fairy Four-leaf. I can see now; I'm not blind any more. [*Pause*] But dear me! It's late. Perhaps Aunt Jane is awake now—Perhaps she's worried. Will you please take me back to her? You see, she's so nervous. She's not used to children—and then—she's afraid of the gypsies, you know!

MIGUIEL

Afraid, Little One! And are *you* afraid of the gypsies?

TEDINIA

I don't—*think* so. . . . I *think* I'd love them . . . if they were—like you.—But I've never, never seen a gypsy. I'm from the city, you see.

MIGUIEL

[*To change the subject*]: Little One, are you—hungry?

TEDINIA

[*Surprised*]: Why—I—I believe I am. It's been a long time since supper!

MIGUIEL

Some broth! Would it please you?

TEDINIA

[*Highly delighted*]: Broth? They had that in *The Three Bears*! I've never tasted it, but I'm sure I should like it—if it weren't too hot.

MIGUIEL

[*Clapping his hands*]: Some broth for the Little One.

TEDINIA

[*Gently*]: You didn't say "please."

MIGUIEL

Please——

TEDINIA

[*Chuckles*]: That's just the way my Daddy said it. He forgot sometimes, too.

MIGUIEL

Daddy? Your Daddy?

TEDINIA

Daddy is just another name for father. A "love name," you know.

MIGUIEL

A "love name"! "Daddy"!—And where is your—Daddy now?

TEDINIA

He was sick . . . and then . . . he went away.

MIGUIEL

He went away! Oh!—Come! Let us try the broth!  
[*The broth is brought. He feeds her with a huge spoon.*]

TEDINIA

It's delicious. Not too hot—not too cold. Just right!

MIGUIEL

I had a little one, Ve Ve! She—went away, too. . . .

TEDINIA

She went away! Oh!—Why don't you smoke your pipe? [*She puts the broth aside and with an ember helps him light his pipe*] I am very happy. [*She cuddles into his arms again.*]

MIGUIEL

And I, Little One, I, too, am very happy—and for many months I have been sad.

TEDINIA

You must have dreams. Happiness is in dreams. Fiddledeedee said so.—And you must watch the dragonflies. . . . They weave the tapestries of dreams.

MIGUIEL

You talk strange things, Little One. Fiddledeedec?

TEDINIA

A fairy! She taught me. She was the one who let me find the Fairy Four-leaf!



MIGUIEL

The Four-leaf?

TEDINIA

So I could see. And there were Buzz and Hum, the twins, you know, and Chuckle and Rosedream—and a lot of others—and they danced. But where is the Four-leaf, the Fairy Four-leaf? I had it in my hand—and now it's gone!

*[She slips from his arms and searches on the ground. Finally she looks up, saddened.]*

MIGUIEL

Be not sad, Little One. I have a Four-leaf—and it's made of gold. You shall wear it—always.

*[He unfastens a pin from his dress and gives it to her.]*

TEDINIA

How beautiful it is! I'm sure that with this I shall always have good luck—even though it isn't the Fairy Four-leaf!

MIGUIEL

Perhaps it *is* the Fairy Four-leaf—changed by them into gold—for me to give to thee.

TEDINIA

Do you think so? *[She studies the pin]* Oh! I should so like to thank you. . . . I should like to give *you* something . . . but I have nothing but a song. . . .

MIGUIEL

A song! And will you sing it for me, Little One?

TEDINIA

[*Sings*]:

“I know a place where the sun is like gold  
And the cherry blooms burst with snow;  
And underneath is the loveliest nook  
Where the four-leaved clovers grow.

“One leaf is for Hope, and one is for Faith,  
And one is for Love, you know,  
And God put another one in for Luck—  
If you search, you will find where they grow.

“But you must have Hope, and you must have Faith,  
You must love and be strong, and so  
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place,  
Where the four-leaved clovers grow.”

MIGUIEL

[*Drawing her to him*]: That was very sweet, Little One.

TEDINIA

Daddy taught it to me. . . .—And don't you know any songs?

MIGUIEL

Not I! But my band—If you wish *they* will sing and dance.

TEDINIA

Please! Please!



MIGUIEL

[*Calling*]: The Little One would have you sing and dance!—Please!

[*There is the sound of castanets, and the gypsies spring into the dance.*]

TEDINIA

Oh, thank them—thank them for me. And will they sing too? One song? Then I must leave—then I must go home to my Aunt Jane who lies in the little white house on the long, twisty road. Aunt Jane is nervous—and particular—and afraid of gypsies. There's a band of them around here, you know.

[*Some of the gypsies laugh. MIGUIEL silences them with a look.*]

MIGUIEL

And you, Little One, are you afraid of the gypsies?

TEDINIA

How funny! You asked me that same question before! No! I'm not afraid. I think I should love them!

MIGUIEL

And they would love you, Little One.

TEDINIA

Won't they sing now, please?

[*The gypsies sing. TEDINIA claps her hands joyfully when they have finished and then surveying MIGUIEL, she pronounces solemnly:*]

I believe—I believe that *you* are a gypsy—and that *they* are your band! [*She spins about ecstatically*] How nice! How very nice!

MIGUIEL

Then you like me, Little One? You like me?

TEDINIA

I *love* you! You're like Daddy. . . . [*Pause*] But I feel as though I must go back.

MIGUIEL

I'll take you back if you'll make me one promise.

TEDINIA

Yes . . . ?

MIGUIEL

That you'll come to see me often—very often, Little One!

TEDINIA

I promise. [*She crosses her heart*] And if you see Fiddledeedee, Gayleaf, or Chuckle, or Buzz or Hum, or Rosedream—or any of them (they're nearby, I'm sure) give them my love, and tell them that my eyesight is very good. I'm coming often to look for them, and for all the woodland things.

[*The gypsies sing again as MIGUIEL takes TEDINIA up on his shoulder. She waves, and the band throws kisses after them as they go off left. The stage is darkened.*]



FAIRY TALE WOOD

*A Masque in 'Two Scenes*

## FAIRY TALE WOOD

### *Characters*

MYSELF (AND I), <i>a little</i>	GRETEL
<i>girl</i>	THE SEVEN SWANS
RED RIDING HOOD	PRINCE CHARMING
JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER	HAPPY HOURS
THE SEVEN DWARFS	LITTLE FEARS
CINDERELLA	THE LOVELY PERSON
JACK	GOOD FAIRIES
JILL	WITCHES
HANSEL	

*Scene I. "Once upon a time. . . .*

*Scene II. "And they lived happily ever after!"*

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## FAIRY TALE WOOD

### SCENE I

*[We see the heart of Fairy Tale Wood. There are tall trees left and right and the forest, dark in the background. Bright moonlight contrasts with heavy shadow. From around a tree comes a little girl. She peers cautiously about and then beckons to some one behind.]*

#### MYSELF

*[Calling softly]:* Come on, I, it's lovely here and the moonlight's as bright! *[She steps into the open space and looks up]* Never knew there could be so many stars. See! They're laughing. Something must be awfully funny. I, what do you 'spose ever makes the stars smile and laugh so? *[A pause]* Perhaps . . . *[Looking around again]* Do you believe this is the place?—"Tall trees . . . moon magic!" Shall we speak the piece? *[Pause]* All right, only we must sit down first. I'll sit there. This is fine for Myself. *[She motions first towards a log, downstage R. and seats herself on one, downstage L. Then she recites carefully]:*

Fairy Tale Wood, Fairy Tale Wood,  
We want to visit you!



Fairy Tale Wood, please if we could—  
Tell us what we should do!

There! When they hear that they ought to answer.  
Such good poetry and everything! I always knew,  
Myself, that we could write.

VOICE

[*Sweet and clear—from the trees!*] Turn about  
thrice—and say, “Once upon a time!”

MYSELF

[*Thrilling*]: It worked! I heard it, too! [*She hops  
up and about “thrice,” then says solemnly*] Once upon  
a time. . . .

RED RIDING HOOD

[*Running out from the right*]: Good evening! A  
lovely evening, isn’t it?

MYSELF

Oh! How do you do?

RED RIDING HOOD

I’m very well just at present, thank you. [*She  
sighs*] I’ll be swallowed alive in an hour or so—but  
at present I’m quite well. And how are you?

MYSELF

We’re just splendid, Myself and I. You’re Red  
Riding Hood, I know. May I introduce us, Myself  
and [*She points right*] I.

[RED RIDING HOOD goes forward and apparently shakes hands.]

RED RIDING HOOD

Delighted. . . . [*She looks at MYSELF*] But really I shouldn't have known her. You don't look a bit alike.

MYSELF

No. . . . I'm much prettier. I wanted to be prettier than Myself. But let's not talk about us. There are so many things I want to ask you. Please, you'll stop a while and talk, won't you?

RED RIDING HOOD

I'm sorry, but I have an appointment at my Grandmother's in half an hour—and I haven't all the scheduled articles for her yet. I couldn't begin the story without everything that's in it, you know!

MYSELF

[*Peeking under the lid of the basket*]: It's all there, isn't it?

[*Music sounds, a melody simple and sweet, like a folk song.*]

RED RIDING HOOD

[*Shaking her head*]: I'll have to hurry, but I can dance for you, if you'd like . . . and if you'll hold my basket.

MYSELF

[*Taking the hamper and running to her vantage seat, left*]: I'll sit down! She's going to dance for us.

[RED RIDING HOOD *dances, picking a flower here, a flower there, till she has a bouquet. The music comes to a close, and she curtsies low before MYSELF.*]

RED RIDING HOOD

[*Showing her flowers*]: See! The nosegay. That was missing!

MYSELF

[*Joyously applauding*]: You dance beautifully! I didn't know you could!

RED RIDING HOOD

[*With the sign of a pout*]: I'm never allowed to in the story. I just *walk* through the wood. Picking flowers this way is my own idea. But I must hurry along now. Grandmother is ill, you remember, and she's waiting for me.

[*She goes out left, waving her hand.*]

MYSELF

[*Sadly*]: Now we're all alone, again, Myself and I!

VOICE

[*From above*]: No. You're not! I'm here—just on my way down.

[*A youth in green springs to the ground from a tree at the right.*]

MYSELF

[*Amazed*]: Why, you're Jack, the Giant-Killer! Where ever did you come from?





*The Magic Circle*





JACK

[*Grinning amiably*]: That tree!

MYSELF

But it's not a beanstalk!

JACK

Of course not. It's a pine. . . . But can't I climb anything but a vegetable? I ask you, isn't that giving me rather a limited occupation?—A pretty tiny horizon? Besides, I have to keep in practice. These are a sort of "daily dozen"—these forest trees!

MYSELF

Aren't you funny!

JACK

[*Miserably*]: I suppose so——

MYSELF

But not when you kill the giant! You're awfully brave then!

JACK

[*Doubtfully*]: Perhaps. But I'm sick of the gymnastic life. . . . I might as well be in a circus. [*He sighs*] I do so want a little society—a few balls!

MYSELF

But if you didn't kill the giant whatever would become of us? [*Remembering*] We are Myself [*Pointing*] and I.



JACK

[*Tipping his hat*]: Good evening, Ma'm . . . [*Disgusted*] Now, I ask you—that isn't a very lordly way of addressing a lady, is it? I *wish* I could have a chance at something better!

DEEP VOICE

[*Rumbling*]: Fee! Fi! Fo! Fum!!!!!!

JACK

[*Grumbling*]: Good Lord! There he goes! Way ahead of time, too. . . . I can't even talk to a lady five minutes before I have to get back on the old job. . . .

[*He tips his hat and dashes off right.*]

MYSELF

[*Smoothing down her skirts*]: I think that he has the makings of a gentleman in him—but of course, his upbringing—and his environment! He was every bit nice, though, and I hope I see him again, don't you? [*To I at the other side.*]

[*Weird music sounds, and from the left seven little men dance on. They have long, snowy beards, and they carry shovels or picks. They use them in their dance.*]

MYSELF

[*Clapping when they have finished*]: That was awfully nice . . . and I'm so glad you came. How is Snow White?

## FIRST DWARF

[*With concern*]: What! Another little girl!

## MYSELF

[*Quickly*]: Two of us! I'm over there—but I never say much!

## SECOND DWARF

Of course! Of course! [*They bow first to MYSELF, then to I.*]

## THIRD DWARF

We're delighted to see you, my dears. . . . [*But he doesn't sound like it.*]

## MYSELF

And we are—to see you!

## FIRST DWARF

[*Sighing*]: You asked how Snow White is?

## FOURTH DWARF

She's just recovered from the apple trouble——

## FIFTH DWARF

That stepmother of hers keeps after her eternally . . .

## SIXTH DWARF

I've never seen such a jealous woman.

## SEVENTH DWARF

Jealous! My pick [*or shovel, as the case may be*]! That doesn't begin to express it!

## FIRST DWARF

She keeps us busy—that queen!

## SECOND DWARF

“We’ve had to study First Aid to revive our Ward from the poisoned comb alone, not to mention the apple. . . . You wouldn’t think that a quarter of an apple would be so difficult to deal with.

## THIRD DWARF

A little girl is a great care, when her relatives are such a nuisance. . . . I never did believe in queens!

## FOURTH DWARF

You must admit though that the house has never been in such a spotless condition. She’s a splendid little housekeeper.

## FIRST DWARF

[*Suddenly*]: Hurry, brothers! I feel it in my bones that something has happened to Snow White while we’ve been talking.

[*They burst into sobs and scurry off right.*]

## MYSELF

I do hope that it’s nothing that they can’t cure her of. Dear me, now I’m all alone again with Myself.

## VOICE

[*Off right*]: No. I’m coming just as fast as I can.

[*A girl in a white ball dress, minus one slipper, hops in. She starts to sit on the log, right.*]

MYSELF

[*Alarmed*]: Don't! You'll be sitting on some one!

CINDERELLA

[*Apologetically*]: I'm so sorry! [*To I*] I beg your pardon! I didn't see you till she spoke. I'll sit next to you, if you don't mind.

MYSELF

[*Happily*]: I'd love to have you, Cinderella!

CINDERELLA

That's nice . . . because I'm so tired of running away from that ball. And I hate to get the lovely stockings that Godmother gave me ruined just because I lost my slipper. Stupid of me! But the clock struck too soon. I just know it was fast—twenty minutes fast, at least. [*Resignedly*] There's no use arguing about it though.

MYSELF

But you had a heavenly time at the ball, didn't you?

CINDERELLA

[*Doubtfully*]: Yes. . . . But the season's beginning to seem long. Perhaps I'm a bit tired of the ball

and having the Prince tell me how beautiful I am. . . . And then, my sisters—there's always that fuss the next morning when they bring the slipper around. It's awfully wearing to have to go through with it so often. . . .

MYSELF

[*Shocked*]: Please don't say that. . . . You make me feel very queer—and unhappy.

CINDERELLA

I'm sorry—but it's true. . . . I guess I must be just a little bit human, for I want a change. I want a vacation in the country.

MYSELF

Really, it's more and more and more upsetting! But—Listen!

VOICE

[*From left*] Now we'll have to go straight home and change into dry clothes. Oh, dear! I'm getting sniffles already. . . .

ANOTHER VOICE

You ought to be hardened by this time. . . . Goodness knows we've been drenched often enough. I'll bet, though, that if we exercised a lot they'd dry and we wouldn't have to rush right back—just yet.

[*A little boy and girl appear right, swinging an empty pail between them.*]



## THE LITTLE GIRL

Do you think they would dry? Oh, *do* you think so? We might dance—that is, if your head doesn't ache too much. . . .

## THE BOY

It doesn't. . . .

[*They dance. At the end they stumble and both sprawl, the pail between them. CINDERELLA and MYSELF laugh heartily.*]

## . THE BOY

[*Looking up, chagrined*]: Oh! We didn't see you!

## MYSELF

[*Trying to be polite*]: 'Scuse us for laughing but it *was* funny!

## THE LITTLE GIRL

Of course! And the worst of it is that we'll never get over it! Never!

## THE BOY

We've done it so often that it's second nature—just like breathing—and I'm tired of it. I want a change!

## THE GIRL

So do I. . . .

## MYSELF

Well, I declare——

## CINDERELLA

[*Wide-eyed*]: You, too?

## THE GIRL

[*Getting up*]: Yes, and what's more, I'm going to try to find some one in authority who can get us a new story right away. How would you like having to get your clothes soaking wet every day of your life?

## THE BOY

And having to break your crown into the bargain?

## THE LITTLE GIRL

Come on, Jack!

[*They go off right, hand in hand.*]

## MYSELF

[*Running to look after them*]: I declare! [*She sighs heavily and turns to CINDERELLA*] I can't imagine what the place is coming to. No one is happy and no one is contented. . . . Look! Here come some more!

[*She goes to meet another couple who wander in from the left, strewing breadcrumbs.*]

You must be Hansel and Gretel. [*She speaks hopefully*] I wish you such a good evening!

## HANSEL AND GRETEL

[*Busily strewing crumbs*]: Good evening!

## MYSELF

Please stop just a minute and talk to me. . . .

## HANSEL

We'd love to, but we haven't time. We've got to

get to the old witch's by twelve sharp—and that means that there's not a minute to lose.

MYSELF

Well, I'll walk along a little way, if you don't mind. I can talk to you and ask you a question or two that way, can't I? That would be all right?

GRETEL

Yes . . . I should think so . . . Shouldn't you, Brother?

HANSEL

If you don't step on the crumbs—it's awfully important that the birds find them. . . .

MYSELF

Oh, who ever would think of doing such a thing? I only want to ask you a question.

HANSEL

Very well. . . .

MYSELF

I want to know if you're happy doing this?

HANSEL

Why, I—[*he stops short.*]

GRETEL

[*Plaintively*]: It's a little——  
[*They look at each other and then with great determination fall to scattering the crumbs again.*]

## MYSELF

Please, please, don't say that you're tired of it. Why you have the loveliest story. Every one else is fussing about theirs—but you're not!—Oh, say you'd rather be Hansel and Gretel than any other people in all Fairy Tale Wood!

## GRETTEL

I—I would like a little less scarey story for a while. I get so frightened and trembly when I'm at the old witch's house. . . . Oh, oh, oh!

## HANSEL

There! There! Perhaps next year we can have something easier and pleasanter to do, Little Sister.

*[They go out right, HANSEL comforting GRETTEL.]*

*MYSELF stands motionless, looking after them.]*

## CINDERELLA

Oh, don't you feel badly now? It might be a lot worse . . . indeed it might. Why, they were still playing, weren't they? And if you hadn't asked them you'd never have known that there was a thing the matter.

*[She gets up and starts hopping towards the left]*

I mustn't stay any longer . . . my sisters will scold as it is. Good night. I'm sorry things are in such a state of unrest.

## MYSELF

I suppose it can't be helped. But oh, Cinderella, have you far to go?

## CINDERELLA

Just 'round and about and over.

## MYSELF

It sounds awfully far! Here's my slipper. It'll be big enough for you at any rate. Please take it.

## CINDERELLA

[*Fitting the slipper on*]: It is a *little* large, but thanks so much. You're a dear. I'll see that you get it again. Good night!

[*She goes off left.*]

## MYSELF

[*Wanders to the log and sits next to I*]: It seems as though the world were coming to an end. Here come some more. *Seven* more!

[*Music is played and the SEVEN SWANS (changed into their rightful shapes again, excepting the youngest who still has a wing instead of an arm) dance in.*]

## MYSELF

[*When they have finished*]: Lovely! [*She hops forward towards them*] 'Scuse me. [*As they stare at her queer procedure*] I loaned my slipper to Cinderella—and the ground is damp.

## FIRST BROTHER

Ah, then there is nothing to excuse, is there, Brothers?



## OTHER BROTHERS

[*Bowing in chorus*]: Nothing whatsoever!

## MYSELF

I want to thank you for dancing so beautifully,—but more especially for—now you won't think this queer—I want to thank you for being so happy. [THE BROTHERS *look at each other startled*] Every one else is so discontented that it's positively made me want to cry.

## FIFTH BROTHER

Really now, I—I'm sorry——

## THIRD BROTHER

You mustn't let it affect you though, because—Well——

## FOURTH BROTHER

When you consider the perpetual life of a fairy-tale person, why then perhaps you wouldn't blame the ones you've met.

## THE YOUNGEST BROTHER

[*The one with the swan's wing*]: I feel sure that our story is waiting! Come along, Brothers. [*In a stage whisper*]: Don't make the poor little thing feel any worse. Come along. The less said the better!

## FIRST BROTHER

I'm sorry, my Lady, that we can't remain with you longer, but our story is about to begin again. . . .

## CHORUS OF BROTHERS

Good Evening!

*[They bow sedately and walk out right.]*

## MYSELF

*[Turning to I]:* Whatever did they mean? Do you 'spose they feel the same way?—I wonder——  
*[She stops short, for the ringing of a bell off-stage left arrests her attention. A PRINCE, plumed hat and all, enters. He carries a bell which he rings vigorously, and holds before him a herald's trumpet, which gives no sound, but from which is suspended a gorgeous cloth, bearing the legend: "STRIKE! WE WANT A CHANGE." He comes center stage, sees MYSELF and stops.]*

## PRINCE

*[Taking an attitude]:* Ah, Lady! What fair princess is this? *[Then disgustedly]* Excuse me, but those old lines of mine will pop into my conversation. It's no wonder at all that I've become a radical, is it? *[He points to his banner]* I say, why don't you join?

## MYSELF

*[Curtsying low]:* I've never met a prince before! Please, Your Highness, aren't you Prince Charming?

## PRINCE

*[Bored]:* Yes. You guessed me.—But "Charming" isn't my real last name. It's my mother's maiden name.

They thought it would fit in all the stories better than my own, so I have to use it generally; I am in so many stories that I get mixed up sometimes myself.

MYSELF

Oh, do you play all the prince's parts? How interesting . . . !

PRINCE

Keeps me busy, changing from my own hair into a wig, depending on whether I'm dark or light . . . and keeping my clothes in order with trotting around so! Why I have to keep seven valets!

MYSELF

It must be wonderful to be so important. What story are you in today?

PRINCE

Not any. I've struck. We've most of us struck . . . and I'm the leader—the head of the whole thing. It's great to get in touch with all sorts of people for once. You see, in the stories I almost always meet only the upper, upper class—except the ladies, but they all turn princesses as soon as they meet me and we rule over the kingdom together just as soon as the Mater and Pater die. Poor dears, *they're* kept at it.

MYSELF

But aren't you a little like the Sultan—having so many wives?

## PRINCE

Not at all. I'm nothing but an institution,—the perfect man! The stories are always calling for a prince—and they send me. But I'm not going any more. I'm on a strike! This was to have been a signal for the others. [*He tries to blow the trumpet*] You see [*he grins*] even the trumpet's on a strike. It's been used so much in all the big scenes that it's worn out. They'll hear the bell just as well, though. [*He rings again*] Unless you join, you'd better go over to that log and sit down. There'll be an awful mob.

[*The little girl hurries to seat herself beside I. Left and right comes the mob, RED RIDING HOOD, JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER, THE SEVEN SWANS, JACK and JILL, THE SEVEN DWARFS, HANSEL and GRETTEL, and last, CINDERELLA, bringing the borrowed slipper, which she returns with a kiss. Each striker bears a banner or wears a sandwich with the words "STRIKE! I WANT A CHANGE!" printed upon it. Music sounds, and parading, they circle the stage several times. The PRINCE leading, they go off left, leaving MYSELF and I, all alone, crumpled up in a disconsolate little heap on the log. The music is dying away, the moon goes behind a cloud, and Darkness or*

*The curtain falls.]*



## SCENE II

[*“And they lived happily ever after!” The scene is the same as before. Moonbeams begin to filter through the trees again. Soft music is heard, and one by one, from behind the foliage at the back, lovely ladies in rainbow-colored dresses glide into the open space and weave in and out, moving with classic grace. MYSELF watches with growing interest. When they have finished she springs up joyfully, hopefully.*]

### MYSELF

Please, dear, dear people! You *are* happy, aren't you?

### FIRST HOUR

Happy? Of course! Why, we're called the Happy Hours!

### MYSELF

Really! Then we've known a lot of you before.

### SECOND HOUR

I hope so. But won't you tell us who you are. We have so many friends that we're a little forgetful. What is your name?



## MYSELF

Gentle Reader—Myself and I! Just say YOU, that's enough, though.

## THIRD HOUR

Do you like the wood? And how long have you been here? Have you met . . . ?

## MYSELF

We came about an hour ago,—and we've met a lot of people,—but we—we aren't as happy as we hoped we'd be visiting such a famous place. We feel so—so sad—and scared!

## FOURTH HOUR

Come, sit down and tell us all about it . . .  
[*They form a semicircle.*]

## MYSELF

[*Hesitating before taking her place in the ring, center back*]: Cinderella said the ground was damp.

## FIFTH HOUR

This ground is enchanted. It's not in the least damp. Cinderella is just afraid of spoiling her ball clothes. Her Godmother gave her a lovely outfit, you know; but they have to last a long time, those clothes. . . .

## MYSELF

That's just it . . . That's why I'm sad. It wouldn't matter if she ruined her stockings—if she got them

just full of railroad tracks—or if she spilled strawberry jam all down her dress.

SIXTH HOUR

What!

MYSELF

No! Because she's struck! She's tired of dancing. She doesn't want to go to the ball any more. . . . She's tired of dancing—and the PRINCE IS TIRED OF PRINCING!

SEVENTH HOUR

I've never heard of anything so ridiculous!

MYSELF

It just scares me to pieces. Why! There won't be any fairy stories at all soon. The strike will spread into other countries—and we won't be able to borrow from Mr. Hans Christian Andersen, or from those nice Grimm Brothers—or from anybody!

EIGHTH HOUR

A strike! You say they're striking?

MYSELF

[*Nodding*]: They all say that they're tired of their stories. They don't like what they're doing.

NINTH HOUR

Oh, Tempora! O Mores! This certainly sounds like a calamity. I'm beginning to feel nervous, too!

## FIRST HOUR

Don't say that! Don't let yourself think that. First thing you know in will come the Little Fears . . . Oh, Oh, Oh! Too late!

[*Hoppity, skippity music sounds and in dance some eerie little people dressed in greens and browns. They carry long sticks and poke at the HAPPY HOURS now and then, and laugh at their discomfiture. The LITTLE FEARS are dancing madly on, when center back a glorious light appears and we see a FAIRY. (We know because of her great gauzy wings and the sweetness of her smile.) She waves her wand. The music crashes into silence. The LITTLE FEARS stop as though frozen. She waves her wand again, and they scamper away, as they came, from the left and right.*]

## THE LOVELY PERSON

[*Turning to the HAPPY HOURS and MYSELF and I*]: Now, my dears, tell me what your troubles are! Oh, you needn't be surprised that I know *something* is wrong when there are Little Fears about. [*She fondles MYSELF's hair.*]

## MYSELF

[*Jumping up and hugging her*]: I feel so much better now that you are here. It doesn't seem as though anything could be the matter now.

## A HAPPY HOUR

We were pretty miserable.

MYSELF

[*Looking up*]: You are such a Lovely Person!  
Please, what is your name?

LOVELY PERSON

Some people just call me that!

MYSELF

[*Puzzling*]: I'm sure that I must have seen you  
before . . .

LOVELY PERSON

Do you think so, Dear?

MYSELF

Perhaps it's only because of your eyes . . . [*Wonderingly*] Your eyes are like Mother's—and your smile is like Mother's too—And your hands—they feel so smooth, and soft, and cool—like hers. . . .

LOVELY PERSON

[*Smiling*]: I shouldn't be at all surprised if we were—closely related—And I've known your Mother for a long, long time, my Dear. [*Turning to the Hours*] And now, tell me what let those Fears in to sadden you, Happy Hours? What was the matter?

AN HOUR

We were afraid there wouldn't be any more fairy stories . . .

LOVELY PERSON

No more fairy stories! Ridiculous! Why, the woods are full of them!

## MYSELF

Yes! We've met a lot of the leading ladies and gentlemen. But, Dearest, don't you see, it's this way. They're tired of doing the same thing every time that any one reads about them or tells their story. They've gone on a strike and they won't play any more!

## LOVELY PERSON

My wings! That does sound serious! No fairy stories!

## MYSELF

[*Turning to the HOURS*]: There wouldn't be any more Happy Hours—at all! [*She is nearly tearful!*]

## LOVELY PERSON

Oh, my Dear, it would be pretty bad, but not so bad as that. We'd manage somehow to keep a *few* of them. . . . But now, about the strike!

## MYSELF

They were parading—with banners and things, and Prince Charming was leading. I think I hear him now! [*We hear a tinkling off stage.*]

## LOVELY PERSON

That bell?

## MYSELF

[*Nodding*]: His trumpet was worn out, he said.

## LOVELY PERSON

We'll see what can be done, for a world without fairy stories would certainly be a serious, serious



place. I think we'll have to summon them to court and hear their cases.

MYSELF

Are you going to be the Judge?

LOVELY PERSON

[*Solemnly*]: I am! We'll see if we can bring them to terms. . . .

MYSELF

I'm sure everything will be all right—and they'll live happily ever after!

LOVELY PERSON

[*To the HAPPY HOURS*]: Please tell the strikers that they must appear at the hour of nine! [*Several HOURS hurry away left.*] That's a little late for you, my Dear, but—I think that to-night it won't matter . . .

MYSELF

[*Ecstatically kisses her*]: Dearest! You're so good . . . you know how much I want to see the wood in order.

LOVELY PERSON

[*To other HOURS*]: Don't you think the court-room needs a dusting? There's something about a dusty court-room that I can't tolerate. [*Other HOURS miraculously get feather dusters from behind trees and fall to, vigorously.*] I'll need the seat of justice—and I'll need my judicial manner. Who'll get them for me?

*[Still other HOURS hurry away. The bell sounds nearer. The HOURS bring in a rocking chair which they set on a raised place, center back.]*

## AN HOUR

The judge's bench is ready, your Honor.  
*[The LOVELY PERSON seats herself—being very careful of her wings.]*

## LOVELY PERSON

And my judicial manner?

## ANOTHER HOUR

*[Brings shell-rimmed spectacles]:* Here, your Honor.

## MYSELF

*[Clapping gleefully]:* Your judicial manner fits—but they do make you look—different!  
*[She seats herself on the edge of the platform.]*

## LOVELY PERSON

*[To an HOUR]:* Tell the clock to strike nine. We're quite ready.

*[Instantly we hear chimes, and then the PRINCE's bell. He appears left, followed by the other strikers. They go before the judge and kneel.]*

## LOVELY PERSON

*[Holding out her wand]:* Arise, dear friends.  
*[They get up, all looking very solemn]* My, what a serious lot. . . .

## PRINCE

Our lives have become very serious, your Honor. We're tired of them. That's why we're striking. We want to strike, for even though nothing comes of it, we'll have had a little variety.

## LOVELY PERSON

You mean you'll go back to your stories if the strike is unsuccessful?

## PRINCE

[*Squirming*]: Well . . . I didn't exactly say that, your Honor. . . .

## MYSELF

[*Excitedly*]: You might just as well have. You know, Prince Charming, that you practically said just that. Oh, I do so want to have you go back!

## PRINCE

[*Unhappily*]: I didn't think that you'd go and side against us!

## MYSELF

Not against you. Not really!

## PRINCE

Circumstantial evidence——

## MYSELF

[*Hurriedly*]: It's only because it would be so awful not to have you. Why, whatever would things come to if you didn't find the fair lady and carry her off and live happily ever after?

## PRINCE

[*Sighing*]: I suppose there are two sides to it!

## CINDERELLA

But don't you see that if you're considering me as the second side, why you're wrong—because I'm striking, too. I'm tired of social life and the eternities of living happily that follow each ball. It's dreadfully wearing on the constitution, your Honor. [*She is almost in tears.*]

## LOVELY PERSON

Don't cry, my dear. There may be a way out. Matters worse than this have been mended.

## RED RIDING HOOD

[*Coming timidly forward*]: I know it's not polite for me to suggest anything. Mother has always told me that children should be seen and not heard, but I hope that if you can mend things, you'll mend my career. Just visiting Grandmother and getting swallowed alive and then saved by a woodsman isn't much of a life. . . . Think what an uninteresting biography I have! I don't see why Cinderella isn't satisfied. Why, I'm just aching for a season in town. There's nothing I'd like better than to go to a ball every night!

## CINDERELLA

That's because you've never tried it. When I first sat among the embers I ached to go too . . . but simple life in the country is what I dream of.

## LOVELY PERSON

The court will consider your cases. Now some of the others. The youngest ones first, please, so that they can get away early. [*Spying them on the outskirts of the crowd*] Jack and Jill, are you striking, too?

## JACK AND JILL

[*Coming forward shyly*]: Yes . . . we are, your Honor. . . .

## LOVELY PERSON

Why, my dears?

## JACK AND JILL

[*Hesitating*]: We don't like hills any more!

## LOVELY PERSON

[*Smiling*]: Is that all?

## JILL

And we hate getting our clothes wet every day, and every day! It seems like such a lot of fuss over nothing. I'd like to see some of the world . . . I truly would!

## JACK

And I'd like an adventure or two. Just falling downhill seems awfully babyish. We're growing up.  
[*He tries to stretch himself into a tall, tall man, but he's still JACK—and quite a little shaver.*]



## LOVELY PERSON

[*To the others*]: And the rest of you are all tired of being yourselves?

## CHORUS

We are! Oh, yes, we are!

## LOVELY PERSON

What makes you unhappy, Hansel?

## HANSEL

The excitement of wandering through the woods and the awful time we have at the Gingerbread House are upsetting Gretel. I'm afraid she'll break down. I don't mind a bit about myself . . . I rather like my part—but I've got to look after Gretel!

[*The SEVEN DWARFS step forward.*]

## ONE DWARF

Please, your Honor, we're getting pretty old to have entire charge of a little girl, especially one who has such various experiences as Snow White.

## ANOTHER

We love her very dearly, but we feel that some younger people might be able to look out for her better! Perhaps some of the things which befall her might be averted.

## LOVELY PERSON

It comes out right in the end, though?

## FIRST DWARF

Yes. . . . But the whole experience is so harrowing——

[*The SEVEN SWANS step forward.*]

## FIRST BROTHER

Please, your Honor—if only we might change places with them!

## SECOND BROTHER

We have such a useless existence. Our sister does everything for us—and we feel that we'd be more manly if *we* were active for a change!

## LOVELY PERSON

Next!

## JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER

[*Stepping forward*]: Your Honor! [*From the right flutter in any number of fairies!* JACK *steps back*] More ladies! My case can wait.

## MYSELF

[*Clapping*]: Oh, Jack, I just knew you had the makings of a gentleman in you. [*In a loud whisper*] Dearest, he's awfully nice. I hope that you can give him what he wants. [*Aloud*] Who are those?

## LOVELY PERSON

[*Waving her wand*]: They are the Good Fairies! Come won't you dance for us? [*Music! And the FAIRIES dance.*]

## FAIRY

[*Curtsying low after the dance*]: We—we are striking, too, your Honor! We're tired of being so awfully good. We'd like a change, too!

[*From the left come WITCHES, riding broomsticks. They dance wildly about to weird music, and then bow before the judge.*]

## A WITCH

We're tired of witching—and we're terribly bored with being continually in the saddle! Please, let us have something else to do!

[*Out come their kerchiefs. They feel deeply about it.*]

## JACK

[*At last taking his turn*]: Your Honor, I'm so tired of climbing that beanstalk that—that I'd give *the whole vegetable* to any one who'd take it! If I could only move in high society for a while and learn the little niceties that make a gentleman!

## MYSELF

[*Jumping up*]: Oh, Dearest! Couldn't you transform the Prince into Jack and Jack into the Prince, and——

## PRINCE

Superb! Could you, your Honor? It would give me a chance to get away from late hours and have a little real excitement. Fee Fi Fo Fum!

[*He laughs delightedly!*]

LOVELY PERSON

How would you like it, Jack?

JACK

[*Almost speechless with joy*]: To be Prince Charming! Oh, I say——!

MYSELF

*Could* you do it, Dearest?

LOVELY PERSON

It might be difficult, but it's worth trying.

MYSELF

Perhaps—perhaps Cinderella would like to be Red Riding Hood and Red Riding Hood could be Cinderella and have seasons in town . . .

RED RIDING HOOD

[*Glowing*]: It would be wonderful. . . .

CINDERELLA

[*Equally elated*]: I can smell the country even now. [*To MYSELF*] What a darling you are!

LOVELY PERSON

And the Seven Dwarfs and the Seven Swans might exchange! And Jack and Jill, and Hansel and Gretel—that would give Gretel's nerves a rest——

## PRINCE

And the Witches and the Fairies! Can you do it?—  
and *will* you do it?

## LOVELY PERSON

[*Nodding slowly and solemnly*]: It will be black magic—but if you are willing—it shall be done! First let me ask you some questions. Are you quite ready to look exactly like the person you're transformed into?

## CHORUS

Oh, yes!

## LOVELY PERSON

You're willing to have the same voice—the same everything except their present unhappiness and discontent?

## CHORUS

We are! Oh, Yes!

## LOVELY PERSON

And you promise to live happily ever after and to play your parts just as they were first made up by the story-teller?

## CHORUS

We do! We do!

## MYSELF

Then please, please, Dearest!

## LOVELY PERSON

[*Rising*]: Very well! Are you ready to obey absolutely? [*There is a flutter of excitement, then*



*absolute silence*] Follow directions closely! Hansel and Gretel stand here (L). Jack and Jill here (R). Seven Dwarfs here (L). Seven Brothers here (R). Red Riding Hood (L). Cinderella here (R). Jack, the Giant-Killer here (L). Prince here (R). The Good Fairies here (L). Witches here (R). [*They take their places as directed*] Now we're ready. Don't be afraid, the process is simple and not at all painful, but it's *black magic*—B L A C K. . . .

[*The lights go out; everything is suddenly pitched into darkness. Crashing chords of music are heard. The lights go on, the music becomes soft and sweet. Lo! The MAGIC is complete! Where CINDERELLA was, RED RIDING HOOD stands, examining her dress and the contents of her basket. RED RIDING HOOD, now CINDERELLA, is trying dance steps and deep curtsies. JACK, changed into the PRINCE, bows low over her hand and says "LADY" in deep, heart-felt tones. The SEVEN DWARFS dance a jig in happiness. JACK and JILL are giggling over their pail and the piece of brown paper which JILL is trying to plaster over JACK's crown. HANSEL and GRETEL are taking stock of their pebbles and crumbs. The PRINCE, changed into JACK, is stretching himself and gleefully testing his muscles. The SEVEN BROTHERS shake hands over the transformation. The WITCHES make trial flights and the FAIRIES practise waving their wands. Every one is extremely happy!*]

## MYSELF

[*Turning from watching them, throws her arms about the LOVELY PERSON*]: It's wonderful! And they're all so happy! Thank you, thank you a thousand times!

[*The HAPPY HOURS are circling around. One by one, the others begin to sway to the music until we have them all dancing, weaving in and out in a great ladies' chain. The LOVELY PERSON and MYSELF (the little girl standing on the rocker to see better) look on.*]

## PRINCE

[*To his astonishment blows on the trumpet and we are thrilled by a long blast.*]

## LOVELY PERSON

The strike is over—even for the trumpet. The Stories are waiting for you. You're sure that you know your new parts?

## CHORUS

[*They have stopped dancing and are waiting eagerly for her words*]: Yes, yes! We know our parts!

## LOVELY PERSON

Then hurry, hurry, hurry, my dears. A great many little people are waiting—even though it is shockingly late. . . . I suppose there's that new daylight saving to blame.

## NEW CINDERELLA

[*Waving, as she goes left*]: Good-by and thank

you! I'm off to sit among the cinders first—and then I'm going to the ball. [*She skips away.*]

RED RIDING HOOD

Good-by, Gentle Reader! [*She hurries off right.*]

JACK

[*Bowing low*]: Farewell, ladies! I am a thousand times grateful to you! [*He strides after CINDERELLA.*]

LOVELY PERSON

The Happy Hours are waiting to introduce you to the children. Scamper!

OTHERS

Good-by! Good-by! Thank you! Thank you!

MYSELF

Good-by! I'll see you soon!

LOVELY PERSON

[*When she and MYSELF and I are alone*]: Way past bedtime. . . .

[*She gathers the little girl into her arms as she seats herself in the rocker.*]

MYSELF

[*Nodding sleepily*]: Way past—but *first*— . . .

LOVELY PERSON

[*Puzzled*]: But *first*—what, Dear?

MYSELF

They lived. . . .

LOVELY PERSON

They lived happily ever after!

*[And the darkness (or the curtain) falls.]*





# THE PAGEANT OF CHUNN'S COVE

## *A Fairy Play in Three Scenes*

NOTE: *The title may be changed, so that it would be suitable to any camp, thus—"The Pageant of Aloha," or "The Pageant of Mystic." For the camp colors, blue and gold, others may be substituted. For orchids, larkspur, and tall blue bellflowers, local wild-flowers may be inserted. In the beginning of Scene III the age of the camp must be changed.*

## THE PAGEANT OF CHUNN'S COVE

### *Characters*

TEENY	CRICKET
TINY	SAD-GLAD APRIL SOULS
GENTLE BREEZE	DANCERS OF DIXIE
THE QUEEN	LITTLE MISS MOFFETS
FOUR PAGES TO THE	SPIDERS
QUEEN	FAIRY DANCERS
TWINKLABIT	FLEET WING
GAYLEAF	THE SPIRIT OF THE CAMP
SUNSETGLOW	A GREAT MOTH
DAINTY SHADE, <i>and her</i>	A BIG SPIDER
<i>followers</i>	A BAT
ROSY CLOUD, <i>and her fol-</i>	GOOD NEWS
<i>lowers</i>	FIREFLIES
BIRD NOTE TUNER	TWO LITTLE BUTTERFLIES
WOODWISE	

Originally produced August, 1919, again in 1920, by Chunn's Cove Camp.

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## THE PAGEANT OF CHUNN'S COVE

### SCENE I

[*Scene: The edge of a fairy pond. At the right is a large glistening spiderweb, at the left, a big, white toadstool, on which TEENY, a little fairy, lies asleep. From the left, another little figure, TINY, creeps in and tickles the sleeper's nose with a long straw.*]

TINY

Awake friend Teeny! Do not let the moon  
Bright there on high among those twinkling stars  
Send down her beams upon a sleeping elf.  
Your napping time is up!

TEENY

[*Stretching crossly*]

But why need you,  
E'en though the moon is high and full as now,  
So rudely wake me, from as gentle a sleep  
As Rip's, of whom I've oft heard tell——

TINY

Ah, me!

Well, if you plan to sleep for twenty years  
I'll leave you, though it makes me very sad

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When I'd a secret for your ears alone. . . .  
But then, if you must sleep.  
[*Pretending to go away*]

TEENY

Oh, Tiny, stay,  
And tell me all you know. I'll keep awake!  
But haste. I'm all attention. See, my ears  
Are cocked to hear that secret's smallest word.  
You wouldn't keep me longer in suspense——  
It would be cruel. . . .

TINY

[*Leaning his elbow on the toadstool and feigning great seriousness*]

Well and good! You swear  
That on your honor as the Queen's own page,  
You will not tell unto a Mortal Soul——  
Or Fairy? [TEENY *nods*] Swear it by a spider's eye  
And mousie's tail——

TEENY

[*Impatiently, but impressed.*]

I swear. But hurry! Oh,  
You waste more time!

TINY

Last, you must cross your heart!

TEENY

My heart! I haven't any!

TINY

Well, aday—

The place where it's supposed to be. . .

TEENY

*[Makes a sweeping cross over his entire little chest.]*

TINY

*[Sighing]*

Ah, me!

But what a great heart you would be, Teeny,  
If only you were mortal.

TEENY

*[Stamping his foot]*

Now tell it!

TINY

*[In a stage whisper]*

I crept along one night. The moon was up.  
The world was bright, almost as bright as noon.  
Upon the edge of this same pool, I saw——  
Guess what?

TEENY

*[Excitedly]*

The rainbow's pot of molten gold!

TINY

*[Dramatically]*

A fairy,—lying fast asleep. His name——  
Was Teeny!

*[TEENY jumps down and dashes after his tormentor.]*



*They scamper out left. Several larger fairies enter left. They dance slowly and rhythmically across the stage to the right, thus screening the center, where a fairy banquet table is placed. When the dancers finish and exeunt right, FAIRY GENTLE BREEZE remains, flitting about, making final preparations for the feast. She may sing a song, if desired. TEENY and TINY enter left. TINY drops down out of breath and TEENY rolls over him. They both sit up and laugh merrily.]*

TEENY

Well, I'm surprised. Look yonder, Tiny, boy!  
[*He rubs his eyes.*]

TINY

I had forgot. Tonight, they say the Queen  
Will celebrate one of her birthdays here.  
She can't remember which,—no more can I,  
For she was centuries old when I was born.  
But now—tonight, the Fairies all hold fête  
For her. They plan a gorgeous feast. And see——  
The table's to be there. In truth 'tis why  
I wakened you before. I had forgot  
My reason.  
[*They laugh together again.*]

TEENY

Now let's go to wash our wings  
With honey-dew, in honor of our Queen.





*The Spirit of Chunn's Cove*





TINY

I mean to brush my curls with thistle-down.

*[They hurry out right. Soft music is heard and GENTLE BREEZE beckons to FAIRIES off left. They enter and dance, strewing flowers. The music changes to a gay march, four little pages come tripping in, followed by the QUEEN and a lovely company. They stand about the table while the QUEEN seats herself on the toadstool. TEENY and TINY rush in, breathless, and serve her.]*

QUEEN

You do me honor, Fairies dear. This day  
I will not soon forget, but treasure up  
As if 'twere jewels in a chest of gold.  
Make merry, pray, and let sweet music sound  
Which may delight our ears, and for our eyes  
Let there be dancing, rhythmical and gay.  
Go, Teeny, bring to me the loving cup,  
Filled to the brim with purest evening dew,  
Caught when the moon's first ray fell on the grass.  
I'll drink, and then we'll pass the cup around.

*[She raises her glass and makes the toast]*

This land—our land—the loveliest of all!

*[All raise their glasses.]*

EVENING BREEZE

We drink now to the Queen. We pray that she  
May live forever in these woods and hills.

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ANOTHER FAIRY

The Queen!

FLEET WING

The Queen of Fairyland!

ROSY CLOUD

Our Lady!

[CRICKET comes out, and, standing by the spiderweb, plays soft music on the violin. The FAIRIES start their feast.]

TWINKLABIT

Please pass the cobweb jelly.

GAYLEAF

Fairies, dear,  
Didst ever taste more luscious moonbeam sauce . . . ?

SUNSETGLOW

Look! Look! Here come the Sad-glad Souls of  
April!

[Music sounds, and any number of girls in pale dresses enter and dance. There is applause when they have finished.]

QUEEN

Dear Cricket, play, I pray, that tune that we  
So oft have heard in these last sixty years.

And, Dixie! Come and dance for us! Come dance!

[Little girls in old-fashioned dress, dance quaintly with curtsies and bobbings.]

Miss Moffets, dance, and watch the spiders spry!



*[Little ladies, with bowls and spoons come forward and dance. They are frightened away by several delightful spiders.]*

QUEEN

*Is thoughtful, when they have finished, and looks into the distance.]*

Dear little people, I've been thinking long  
Of something which though very sad is true——

ALL

Oh, tell us——

QUEEN

Well, I've tried, yes, very hard,  
But still, I cannot drive away the sorrowing  
thoughts.

—Our land—you think it very beautiful?

ALL

Yes! Yes!

QUEEN

We know 'tis true. We love it so  
That every little flower, each tree, the brooks,  
This lake, the fluttering butterflies, the bees  
That hum and store the sweetness from the heart  
Of each gay blossom, as a friendly word  
Is treasured up within a stranger's breast;  
All these seem to belong to us, and we  
Unwittingly have grown so used by now  
To thinking it, that we are selfish. This  
Of course must change. But how? I question you!

TEENY

*[Tearfully]*

We will not have to lose our Queendom? Oh . . . !

QUEEN

No, Teeny, no! The flowers, clouds, and all,  
Need much attention from my little band. . . .  
Yet find a way we must, that we may share  
Our Fairyland with others, much less blessed.

*[There is a minute's silence. They take various attitudes of thought.]*

Think hard!

*[They wrinkle their brows. TEENY and TINY rock back and forth in their efforts.]*

TEENY

*[Clapping his hands joyously]*

I have it!

QUEEN

Tell us and be quick!

TEENY

A CAMP! Let's have a girl's camp in these hills!  
We would need Mortal's help to carry through  
Our projects, and those people who live near  
Our Fairy lake, they understand our ways. . . .  
They are the ones to start the work along!

TINY

*[Springing up with his glass]*

I drink to Teeny! The Camp! and the Queen!

ALL

To Teeny! The Camp! And the Queen!

[CRICKET *plays jubilant music. The FAIRIES dance about the QUEEN, and TEENY and TINY, who stand proudly beside her.*]

[*The Stage is Darkened.*]

## SCENE II

*[Scene: The same as Scene I. The QUEEN is seated upon the big toadstool. The FAIRIES dance in the space where the table stood. CRICKET plays. In various attitudes at center back are little old men, wizened FAIRIES, busy with boxes, bags, and bundles. At the left back, behind the web, are groups of taller FAIRIES, engaged with brushes and paint pots, brooms and spindles. The music stops suddenly, and as the QUEEN claps her hands, the dancers fall into low curtsies, and remain silent while the QUEEN speaks.]*

### QUEEN

It is high time we were about our work.  
We must prepare the woods for all the girls  
With whom we're pledged to share our Fairyland.  
Camp soon begins; our friends have labored hard,  
And so must we. Come, come now! Let's away!  
But first report of what you do tonight.  
You Tiny, tell me of your evening's task!

### TINY

Teeny and I will polish up the lake  
To make it shine the more when the full moon

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Looks down, that in its glowing path the girls  
May recognize a Fairy bridge, and see  
The fireflies as Fairy lamps.

### DAINTY SHADE

*[Coming forward with paint pot and brushes, followed  
by several others]*

And we,  
Oh, Queen, will paint anew the flowers, that they  
May blush more rosily.

### ROSY CLOUD

*[With companions]*

We have some tints  
That will be lovely on those fleecy clouds  
That float all day above the high, high hills.

### QUEEN

*[To others who come forward]*

Go, friends, and paint the orchids' golden buds,  
Trim fine their fringes, and then use true blue  
On the larkspur and the tall blue bellflower.  
You, Fleet Wing, tell the bees to hum more sweetly.

### BIRD NOTE TUNER

*[Comes tottering out with a bag of tools]*

I'm making haste to put the birds in tune.  
There are a number who have sung so long  
Their throats are rusty, and they miss a note  
Right often.

*[He starts to leave, shaking his head.]*



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QUEEN

But they sound so sweet to me!

[*She smiles.*]

I see! This is your meaning! You must tone  
Them down somewhat, else Mortals all would say,  
"Such sweet, sweet music can't be truly real!"  
Have I guessed right, Old Tuner?

BIRD NOTE TUNER

Yes, your Grace!

WOODWISE

[*Struggling with a rustic box, center stage, looks up  
as the QUEEN approaches him*]

This chest will hardly hold our treasure, Queen.  
Ah, now, I've managed to make fast the lid.  
I'll guard it well, your Highness, lest the girls  
Who are about to share our Fairyland  
Should even get a peep into the box.  
For, should they gain possession—I would die!

QUEEN

[*Sadly shaking her head*]

Yes, Woodwise, should you lose your secrets there,  
Of forest and of field and meadow lore,  
Your life would end, you could not enter more  
The Fairy Gates! [*More cheerfully*] But now,  
all haste away!

[*They flit away, the lady FAIRIES first, then the little old  
men. TEENY and TINY go along the lake, along the*

*banks of the pool, left and right, and seem to be scrubbing the edges of the water. The QUEEN still sits upon the toadstool. The lights grow dim. Suddenly airy music sounds and from many parts little fireflies come out, little people dressed in fluffy red, carrying flickering lanthorns. Some dance about the QUEEN, while others sway by the water's edge, their lights reflected in the mirror-like surface of the lake. They finally disappear. The music changes, and A GREAT NIGHT MOTH flits in and dances. From the web a huge SPIDER ambles, and tries to ensnare the MOTH. She eludes him and flies out. Next a BAT sweeps in and whirls about. The QUEEN is nodding on her toadstool, when through the woods is heard the voice of GOOD NEWS.]*

#### GOOD NEWS

. . . Oh, hear ye all! Camp Spirit's born! Oh, hear!

*[The little crier kneels at the feet of the QUEEN, who sits up straight and rubs her eyes. When she fully comprehends she claps her hands joyously. From all sides FAIRIES come flitting in. They gather around the QUEEN, who is now standing triumphantly on the toadstool.]*

#### QUEEN

Be happy, Fairies dear! Camp Spirit's born!  
Let us prepare to take him birthday gifts!

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TEENY

I'll take those moonbeams that I found tonight  
Upon the lake!

TINY

And I, a firefly's lamp!

ROSY CLOUD

I'll give to him the love of sunset skies.

GAYLEAF

And I, the love of walking in the rain!

QUEEN

Come, gather up your gifts, and let us go  
To the christening. My gift to him shall be—  
His name!

ALL

What? Tell us! Tell us! Do! Oh, what?

QUEEN

We'll christen him—THE SPIRIT OF CHUNN'S COVE!

*[All raise their gifts in various shapes and wrappings above their heads and march out right. WOODWISE alone, remains beside the chest, his head sunk in his hands, his shoulders shaking. He finally looks after the departed gift bearers, then resolutely picks up the box and stumbles after the others. Sad, then joyous, triumphant music accompanies this pantomime.]*

*[The Stage is Darkened.]*

### SCENE III

*[The same as Scenes I and II. TEENY and TINY are sitting together on the toadstool, watching two little butterflies dancing in the twilight.]*

#### TEENY

You must remember nearly four years past,  
The sacrifice dear Woodwise made. He gave  
His secrets to the Spirit of Chunn's Cove. . . .

#### TINY

Without them he could not exist, and so  
His little soul all withered up, and then  
The Evening Breeze blew it away. But see,  
The Spirit through that sacrifice has grown  
Quite strong and fair. The many other gifts  
He likewise treasured up. Not yet four years  
Is it, since he was born, but he doth know  
Most every nook and cranny of the hills.  
The birds, the trees, the flowers, the butterflies,—  
They all are at his beck and call.

#### TEENY

The Queen

No longer reigns alone. There is a King!

TINY

*Ssh!* Here he comes!

*[A tall, young man, dressed in blue and gold, enters from the right.]*

THE SPIRIT

Pray, tell me where to find  
The Queen of Fairyland. I so admire  
My benefactress that I wish to pledge  
My loyalty to her, and her alone.

TEENY

The Queen comes yonder. Wait for her, I pray!  
*[They skip away right.]*

THE SPIRIT

*[To himself as he watches the QUEEN advance]*  
I love her, yet have ne'er dared tell her, lest  
She, looking on me, turn away and frown.  
My heart beats faster as her steps draw near.

QUEEN

*[Standing on the edge of the pool, and talking to her own reflection]*

But I am old, and he is young,—so young!  
He does not care for me; his mind is filled  
With other thoughts. His stay within this land  
Is very short. Two months he's here; the rest  
He spends in wandering through the country wide.  
I love him, but the secret is my own,  
And he must never know!



THE SPIRIT

She speaks of love!

Oh, if I could but dream she thinks of me!

[*He turns towards the QUEEN, who, startled, places her hand over her heart.*]

Ah, Queen,

[*He kneels before her*]

This is again your natal day,  
But yet I bring no gift, for all I have  
I owe to you, and those kind Mortals there  
Who keep the girls so happy, bright and gay.  
You give me courage though, to say, I love—  
I love you, Queen! I love you truly, Dear!  
My heart is full, and must in humbleness  
Speak out to you. . . .

QUEEN

You make me very glad!  
I've been so lonely! Tell me once again——

THE SPIRIT

You mean,—you mean that you, too, care for me?  
[*The QUEEN shyly gives him her hand. He kisses it.  
She raises him to his feet.*]  
I love you, Fairy Queen! I love you, Dear!

QUEEN

[*Looking out over the woods and hills, takes it all in  
in a sweeping gesture.*]  
Spirit, we'll reign together here—for aye!

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[TEENY and TINY creep in, and begin a mad jubilant dance about the pair.]

TEENY

All hail the King!

TINY

All hail the Queen! All hail!

TEENY

I'll make some crowns!

TINY

And I will call the rest!

[They scurry out right. Immediately triumphant music sounds. FAIRIES drift in from all sides, and bow before the pair. TINY returns, bearing on a cushion two crowns of blue and gold. The QUEEN takes one and places it on the head of the KING, who kneels before her. She again helps him to rise, and he taking the other crown, places it on her little head. With banners of blue and gold the Fairy procession starts around the lake to visit the rest of the Kingdom in the land of forest and hills.]

[The Stage is Darkened.]

# THE LAND OF THE GLAD HEART

## *An Indian Legend in Three Scenes*



# THE LAND OF THE GLAD HEART

## *Characters*

GLAD HEART

SNOWY FEATHER

RED BIRD

RAINBOW

GRAY MIST

SILVER LAUGHTER

SINGING WATER

MURMURING BROOK

SUNSHINE

CRIMSON FLOWER

TALL VINE

FLEET FOOT

WATER SPIRITS

FOREST SPIRITS

WARRIORS

SNAKE TONGUE

THE INDIAN CHIEF

MEN

WOMEN

COOL BREEZES

THE VOICES OF GLAD

HEART'S NEW PEOPLE

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# THE LAND OF THE GLAD HEART

## SCENE I

*[As the lights go up we see the edge of a wooded lake. In an open space are wigwams, and about a small campfire, Indian girls are seated, weaving and doing bead work. In their midst stands GLAD HEART, tall and beautiful.]*

### GLAD HEART

*[Spreading out her arms and breathing deeply]*

The day has left us, my Sisters.

The west has flamed up red,

The veils of mist and twilight float over us.

Nowhere else in all the fields and hills and valleys

Is the passing of day more beautiful than here.

See how the silver light is kissing the waters. . . .

I love my land, O Sisters!

Never was a land more wonderful than this.

We will live long here

For I have heard Omeme,

Cooing words of welcome to us.

### SNOWY FEATHER

I, too, love your land, Glad Heart,

I, too, have heard Omeme. . . .



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O, 'tis good to see clear water  
And the fireball slowly sinking.

### RED BIRD

It is good to see Shu-shu-gah, the blue heron,  
Wading in the shallow water.  
I will weave his long form with my grasses.

### GLAD HEART

You can draw his picture in the grasses of your  
basket  
And give it color from Memahgo,  
The blueberry that grows on the fringe of the  
woodland.

### RAINBOW

I love your land, O Glad Heart;  
Life is sweet here.  
In the village the wigwams were close, close together.  
There the earth is scarred and broken.  
In the village all is trade and barter.

### GRAY MIST

In the village all the talk is  
"How much corn will weigh against this bead belt!"

### RED BIRD

[*Imitating a querulous voice*]

"You work slowly, Daughter!  
Such careful weaving eats the hours!"

SNOWY FEATHER

Always, "Faster! Faster!"  
In the village we were slaves to trade;  
Here all the day and all the night is ours.

SILVER LAUGHTER

Here you rule, O Glad Heart!

SINGING WATER

We are your people. . . .

TALL VINE

You are like the happy huntress of the old tales.

SUNSHINE

You are the huntress,  
We are the maidens.

MURMURING BROOK

Even now, does she not live among the stars?

RED BIRD

Show her to me, Murmuring Brook;  
I would see the happy huntress.

MURMURING BROOK

When the stars have pricked through the veil of  
darkness—  
Then shall you see her.

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### CRIMSON FLOWER

A huntress in the stars of Heaven—  
Well and good!  
But we are only Indian maidens,  
Dwelling 'mongst the earth's stars, 'mongst the  
flowers.  
We are maidens unprotected!  
Have you thought of that, O Glad Heart?

### GLAD HEART

There is nought to fear, Sisters Dear!  
I fear neither man, nor beast, nor spirit!

### TALL VINE

What of Wawonaissa's calling?  
[*They listen. A whippoorwill whistles.*]  
'Tis the signal!  
Some danger approaches!

### GLAD HEART

The little bird is not our outpost;  
Fleet Foot keeps the watch tonight.

### SUNSHINE

It is well to keep watch in a new, strange land.

### GLAD HEART

I fear nothing for myself, dear Sisters;  
For the strength of glistening water,





*Spirits of the Wood*







For the strength of the deep, green forest,  
The strength of all creatures has entered my spirit.  
Nothing can harm me;  
I shall live on—forever!

SINGING WATER

—Like the huntress in the heavens!

GRAY MIST

Would I felt such great strength in me!

SNOWY FEATHER

Tell us of it, Glad Heart! Tell us!  
Tell us how you know this new strength. . . .

GLAD HEART

The night is born,  
The winds are calling from afar—from 'cross the  
waters.  
When the new sun starts to creep up in the sky  
tomorrow,  
Then I will tell you.  
Put aside your grasses and your beads and your  
reeds!  
I hear music from the forest. . . .

RED BIRD

Like the singing of the pine trees. . . .

TALL VINE

Like the whisperings of the birches. . . .

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### GRAY MIST

I seem to hear a melody, a melody of sweetness. . . .

### SILVER LAUGHTER

The evening breeze is calling us, inviting us to dance. . . .

### GLAD HEART

[*Joyfully*]

Your spirits are growing,  
You feel it,  
You hear it,

The woodland is giving its strength to you, too.

[*Soft music, MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose." Swaying, gracefully bending and turning, they dance on the shore in the moonlight. When the music dies away, they sink down.*]

### SILVER LAUGHTER

The Breezes of our new land  
Make me very happy, Glad Heart!

[*WAWONAISSA calls again.*]

### SINGING WATER

Wawonaissa warns us!  
Something evil is approaching!

### TALL VINE

His call is an ill omen—  
In a new land, stories tell us.

GLAD HEART

This is no *new* land, Tall Vine.

This is a land where I've lived in my dreams.

TALL VINE

I fear Wawonaissa.

He warns us that we should return to the village!

MURMURING BROOK

Leave all this beauty?

Return to the village?

Live for the making of baskets?

Never romp more with the squirrel, Adjidaumo?

TALL VINE

Yet I fear Wawonaissa!

Teach us to be strong as you are, dear Sister!

Give me your courage!

GLAD HEART

You are weary;

The new land is far away from the village.

Sleep!

Gain strength from the long night;

Then the calling of Wawonaissa will no longer  
afright you.

CRIMSON FLOWER

And you, Glad Heart . . . ?

GLAD HEART

I must talk with our neighbors.

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### SUNSHINE

The spirits!  
And you fear not?

### GLAD HEART

I fear not.  
[*Soft music, MacDowell's "From an Indian Lodge."*  
*They rise slowly and make their way to the wig-*  
*wams.*]  
May the stars shower smiling dreams on you.

### SILVER LAUGHTER

May the waters sing sweet lullaby!

### RED BIRD

May the perfume of flowers bloom into slumber!

### SNOWY FEATHER

May the tall pines whisper to you!  
[*They disappear into the wigwams. The music changes, -*  
*and we hear the running accompaniment of "The*  
*Waters of Minnetanka, An Indian Love Song,"*  
*by Lieurance. GLAD HEART, rising, seems drawn*  
*to the water's edge. Standing there with out-*  
*stretched arms, she sings the words of the song*]:  
Moon, Dear,  
How near  
    Your soul divine.  
Sun, Dear,  
No fear  
    In heart of mine.

Skies blue

O'er you,

Look down in love.

Waves bright

Give light

As on they move.

Hear now

My vow

To live, to die,

Moon, Dear, Thee

Thee near

Beneath this sky.

*[As she sings, from out in the lake, nearer and nearer draw the WATER SPIRITS, swimming with strong, graceful strokes. The accompaniment finally dies away. We hear only the song, sung sweetly by GLAD HEART, the WATER SPIRITS joining. That, too, dies away . . .]*

GLAD HEART

*[Calling softly]*

My Sisters!

WATER SPIRITS

Though we do not know you,

We love you.

*[They are standing, hands joined, in the shallows.]*

GLAD HEART

I am Glad Heart.

I came today,



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Seeking a new land for myself and my maidens.  
We are weary of toil in the village.  
Barter and trade there are dulling the sunshine,  
Greed is stifling the laughter,  
Men are forgetting the spirits.  
My maidens and I have been seeking—  
“The Land of the Glad Heart”—they call it!  
Here we saw Owaissa, the blue bird, pluming her  
feathers.

### A WATER SPIRIT

Yes, Owaissa drinks of our waters. . . .

### ANOTHER

This *is* the Land of Happiness—of Glad Heart!

### ANOTHER

You shall be our Sister.  
You shall rule o’er the water.

### ANOTHER

We will show you that we love you;  
In the moonlight we will dance,—  
Leave the waves and the ripples,  
Leave the cool streams that cradle us. . . .

### ANOTHER

We will dance beneath the moonlight!

### ANOTHER

Hear the crooning of the wavelets. . . .  
[*Music, MacDowell’s “To a Water Lily.” Their*

THE LAND OF THE GLAD HEART 111

*white limbs gleaming in the moonlight, rushes and lilies twined in their green garments and in their hair, they dance. At the last notes they slide back into the water.]*

GLAD HEART

Read my heart;  
My poor words cannot tell you  
How I love you.

WATER SPIRIT

You need only sing . . .  
We'll hear you  
And in answer we'll speed to you!

GLAD HEART

Hark!  
The world breathes forth more music. . . .  
Never, never heard I melodies so sweet!  
[*"Waldweben," from Wagner's "Siegfried."*]

A WATER SPIRIT

That's the singing of the forest.

ANOTHER

All the trees are telling  
Of the light and of the shadow. . . .

ANOTHER

The Spirits of the Woodland!  
See! They're dancing!

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ANOTHER

They have come to greet you, Glad Heart!

ANOTHER

Farewell, Sister,

And remember—

With your song shall you command us!

THE OTHERS

*[Like the swishing of water, as with strong, noiseless strokes, they swim into the darkness. . . .]*

Farewell. . . .

*[GLAD HEART watches them disappear, and then drawn by the music, she turns and sees the SPIRITS, sylvan things, in the patch of moonlight. She runs to them joyously. They throw their arms about her, and draw her into the graceful movement of the dance.]*

GLAD HEART

*[When the music has died away, ending like a sigh, and they are still swaying to its memory]:*

I have dreamed of you, my Sisters!

Often in the crowded village

Have my thoughts been dancing with you

In a land of moon and shadow.

Now I've come to live among you!

Will you share your forest with me?

A FOREST SPIRIT

We love those who love the woodland.

## THE LAND OF THE GLAD HEART 113

ANOTHER

You shall be our Sister, Glad Heart!

ANOTHER

Adjidaumo told us of your coming.

GLAD HEART

Yes, he frisked along before us,  
Chattering of the forest wonders.

A SPIRIT

We sent Omeme to greet you. . . .

GLAD HEART

Yes?

He cooed a friendly welcome!

ANOTHER SPIRIT

*[As they move towards the woods]*

Come tomorrow to the forest.

There are treasures waiting for you!

GLAD HEART

I will come.

We have dreamed of all your treasures. . . .

Them we value more than wampum.

*[They are moving towards the forest when the whip-poorwill's notes sound nearer and more ominous than ever.]*

THE SPIRITS

Wawonaissa!

*[They vanish. From down the shore comes the sound*

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*of flying feet. GLAD HEART stands tense, listening. The moon is under a cloud now, and she is lighted only by the glow from the fire.]*

FLEET FOOT

*[Dropping down before her, spent with running]*

Warriors, Glad Heart—

They are coming!

GLAD HEART

Warriors, Fleet Foot!

FLEET FOOT

Close upon us!

Hidden in the tall Bemahgut,

Hidden in the friendly grape vine,

I heard all their careful planning!

GLAD HEART

And they're close upon us, Fleet Foot?

FLEET FOOT

Close!

Yet like a doe I've run before them!

GLAD HEART

Do not tremble, Sister Fleet Foot!

Come! We'll haste to call the others,

And then hide us in the forest. . . .

*[They hurry to the wigwams.]*



## THE LAND OF THE GLAD HEART 115

Snowy Feather! Red Bird! Gray Mist!  
Waken!  
An enemy is near!

### FLEET FOOT

Rainbow! Sunshine! Silver Laughter! Singing  
Water!  
Waken!  
Make haste, Crimson Flower!  
Arise! Make ready!  
An enemy approaches!

### GLAD HEART

Quick! Into the forest, Tall Vine!  
Murmuring Brook, away!  
The woods will hide us!

### FLEET FOOT

[*Peering down the shore*]  
There they are!  
I see them coming!  
[*The moon is bright again. We see warriors skirting  
the forest.*]

### GLAD HEART

[*Whispering wildly*]  
The forest, Sisters!  
Quick! The forest!  
I will stay and keep them from you!  
I will stay!  
They shall not follow!

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SUNSHINE

[*Sobbing*]

Go without you, Glad Heart?

Never!

GLAD HEART

Go! I beg you!

I fear nothing!

This is MY land!

Go!

[*The maidens disappear into the darkness of the wood.*

*We see the warriors gesticulate, pointing to the forest, then to GLAD HEART, who has left the wigwams and has gone swiftly to the water's edge.*

*She stands a minute, looking after her maidens, then turns, and begins to sing again]:*

Moon, Dear,

How near,

    Your soul divine.

Sun, Dear,

No fear

    In heart of mine.

Skies blue

O'er you

    Look down in love.

Waves bright

Give light

    As on they move.

Hear now

My vow—

[*The Indians stand spellbound by the song. One, apart from the others, however, raises his bow and lets fly an arrow. GLAD HEART drops to the ground and sings the last words . . .*]

To live, to die. . . .

[*The warriors start forward, but stop, amazed and terror-stricken, for from the lake come the WATER SPIRITS. Silently, swiftly, they carry GLAD HEART with them into the deep water, and floating her gently, move into the darkness, and are out of sight. Speechless, the warriors retreat, leaving only the dying embers and the empty wigwams. When the lights are beginning to grow dim the FOREST SPIRITS creep on, and with outstretched arms, kneel on the shore*

*As the Darkness Falls.]*

SCENE II

*[The lights go up. From the woodland come the MAIDENS, followed by the chief and men and women of the village.]*

RED BIRD

Glad Heart!  
Glad Heart!  
We are coming!

RAINBOW

Glad Heart!  
We, your Sisters, are calling!

FLEET FOOT

Glad Heart!  
You are safe now. . . .  
We've brought help from the village!  
*[There is no answer. They search the wigwams, the forest, the water's edge. With a cry, a boy finds the arrow. He runs to the CHIEF, who is center stage.]*

BOY

An Arrow! An Arrow!  
Lying there on the beach!

CHIEF

Our captives spoke the truth!  
[*The people crowd around him.*]

THE PEOPLE

Then they shot our Glad Heart?

CHIEF

Aye! They shot her. . . .  
One named Snake Tongue pierced her heart.

MAIDENS

[*Weeping*]  
Woe! Woe! Woe!  
They killed our Glad Heart!  
[*Their wailing ceases as the CHIEF continues. They seat themselves on the ground.*]

CHIEF

But they let the arrow lie. . . .

BOY

I found it there upon the shore!

CHIEF

It's stained with crimson,  
Like the blood of the wild cherry.

FLEET FOOT

Glad Heart is wounded!  
Oh! They must have captured her!



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CHIEF

Peace, Fleet Foot!  
From the fireball's climbing to its sinking  
Have we searched the warrior's village.  
Nowhere could we find the lost one.  
Glad Heart is not there!

FLEET FOOT

[*Springing up*]

Then she's in hiding!  
Glad Heart! Glad Heart!  
Fleet Foot's calling!

[*They wait. There is silence. FLEET FOOT falls to  
the ground, weeping.*]

CHIEF

Peace, my daughter!  
Peace be with you!

RED BIRD

Glad Heart claimed this land for her land. . . .  
Said that in her dreams she'd lived here!  
There she talked with tall Shu-shu-gah  
As he waded in the shallows.  
Here she stood and showed me, Father,  
How to weave his tall form in my basket!

SNOWY FEATHER

You should stain it with Memahgo, the blueberry.  
It grows on the fringe of the woodland.

TALL VINE

Woe! Woe! Woe!

They have stolen our Glad Heart!

Woe! They have hidden her body!

CHIEF

Peace, my daughters!

I will tell you what the captive warriors told me.

They saw you flee into the forest

But they thought you merely hiding

For—upon the shore was Glad Heart,

Standing fearless in the moonlight.

Lo! She cast a spell upon them,

For she stood there fearless,

Singing of the moon, the waters. . . .

—Cast a spell on all but Snake Tongue!

He let fly an arrow:

Down she fell!

The spell was broken!

But before a brave could reach her [*he spreads his*  
She was gone! *arms*]

ALL

Gone!

CHIEF

Gone!

And the arrow proves their story!

Come, my daughters,

We must hasten again to the village.

The search has already eaten the journeyings

Of two of the fireballs.

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### GRAY MIST

What matter the risings and sinkings of fireballs  
Without Glad Heart?

### CHIEF

*[Sternly leading the way to the forest]*

Come!

We're losing rich profit while searching!

Make ready the wigwams;

We'll carry them back to the village!

### SILVER FEATHER

*[As the MAIDENS cling to him]*

Let us try once more to find our Sister. . . .

Let us call her with her own song!

### CHIEF

Those who are with the evil spirits hear no singing!

### MAIDENS

*[Drawing together, sing, nevertheless. Their voices  
join in harmonious accord.]*

Moon, Dear,

How near,

Your soul divine.

### VOICE OF GLAD HEART

*[Coming from their midst]*

How near,

Your soul divine.

MAIDENS

[*Trembling with joy and excitement*]

Sun, Dear,

No fear

In heart of mine.

[*They hesitate.*]

CHIEF

Come away!

VOICE OF GLAD HEART

No fear

In heart of mine.

[*The CHIEF and the others hear her now, and drawn back, they listen breathlessly.*]

MAIDENS

[*Singing softly*]

Skies blue,

O'er you,

Look down in love. . . .

[*They hesitate.*]

GLAD HEART

[*Softly yet clearly*]

Waves bright

Give light

As on they move.

[*Louder*]

Hear now

My vow

To live, to die,

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Moon, Dear,

Thee near,

Beneath this sky . . .

*[Her voice trails off into silence.]*

CHIEF

*[His tones softer than before]*

We will depart.

The spirit of Glad Heart shall dwell in her land in  
peace.

*[Men start to dismantle the wigwams.]*

Let the shelter of Glad Heart remain here. . . .

*[Silently the men and women leave. The MAIDENS circle the only remaining wigwam, raising and lowering their arms in supplication. Finally they drop to their knees, their heads touching the ground. Then, one by one they disappear into the forest, and*

*The Stage is Darkened.]*



SCENE III

*[The edge of the lake again. In place of GLAD HEART'S wigwam of Scene II, stands one of silver cloth, gleaming phantom-like in the moonlight. Before it sits GLAD HEART, pale and ethereal, clothed in garments like her own, but of glistening unearthly stuffs. She is weaving and humming the Indian love song. Then she sighs sadly.]*

VOICE FROM THE FOREST

You Hoo!

GLAD HEART

You Hoo!

VOICE FROM THE FOREST

Come and play!

GLAD HEART

Who is calling?

VOICE

Cooling Breezes!

Come and play!

*[Soft music, perhaps Rubenstein's "Melody in F." The BREEZES frolic about the phantom wigwam, dancing with scarfs of rainbow colors.]*

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A BREEZE

Why will you not play as you used to?  
[*They drop down before her as the dance is ended.*]

ANOTHER

When you smile now, 'tis a smile of sadness!

ANOTHER

When you are sad it saddens us, dear Glad Heart.  
It throws a veil across the sunshine . . .  
Even the rainbow fades into grayness.

ANOTHER

When you are sad  
Omeme's song is mournful.

GLAD HEART

[*Who has been looking over the water*]  
I am happy, gentle Breezes;  
You only think that I am saddened!

BREEZES

[*Hopefully*]  
Yes . . . ?

GLAD HEART

Have I not ruled here for over a century?

BREEZES

Yes . . . !

GLAD HEART

Why should I be sad now?  
Are you not my loyal playmates?

BREEZES

For ever and ever!

GLAD HEART

[*Listening*]

I think I hear the forest calling,  
It's calling you, dear gentle Breezes!

ONE OF THE BREEZES

We must go and rock the birds' nests,  
Sing a lullaby to Owaissa!  
Have you seen the blue bird babies?

GLAD HEART

[*Nodding*]

Never a care do they give to their mother  
When you rock the cradle,  
High there in the tree tops.

A BREEZE

We'll sing them a new song.  
Farewell!

[*They flit into the forest.*]

[GLAD HEART *sits alone, head bowed on her hands.*  
*Music sounds again, Grieg's "Morning Mood,"*  
*from "Peer Gynt."* The SPIRITS OF THE WOOD-  
LAND *enter and dance, each bearing a gift. When*  
*the dance is ended they kneel before GLAD HEART.*]

ONE

We are bringing gifts from the forest.

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ANOTHER

Here are leaves of golden brown from the king oak  
tree.

ANOTHER

Here are berries from the tall, tall thorn.

ANOTHER

Here are ferns. . . .

ANOTHER

Here are mosses from the shadows.

ANOTHER

Here are wood lilies to crown you.

GLAD HEART

[*Sadly*]

Thank you for my gifts, dear Sisters.

A SPIRIT

We would have a gift from you—  
Something that we love most dearly.  
We would have a smile from Glad Heart.

GLAD HEART

Do not ask for that, my Sisters!

A SPIRIT

That is all we want—  
And now we hear you sighing.

When you sigh it grieves the forest!  
Tell us why you grieve, Dear! Tell us!

GLAD HEART

I long for my maidens,  
I'm lonely!  
Yes, here in my own land  
I crave for real laughter.  
I pine for the murmur of voices!  
I want to hear real people singing and shouting.

A SPIRIT

We sing!  
All the trees have a melody . . .  
And the rushes and grasses can whisper!

GLAD HEART

Yes, Yes!  
But I long for the singing of real folk!

ANOTHER SPIRIT

Of real folk!  
—And we have been guarding your woodland  
From all who have wanted to claim it,  
For more years than it takes the young sapling  
To change to the tall, graceful birch tree.

ANOTHER

Here come our sisters, the Water Spirits!  
Tell them your longings!



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GLAD HEART

I am shamed by your goodness.

THE WATER SPIRITS

[*Swimming close*]

We know all, Glad Heart.

The little ripples have borne the ache of your  
spirit to us.

ANOTHER

We love you,

We serve you;

No mortal folk could be truer!

ANOTHER

Since first you came among us

The Magician of Winter has locked us fast

More than a hundred times—

And still we love you and serve you!

GLAD HEART

Oh, Sisters of Woodland and Water!

I am not ungrateful!

I love you!

'Tis only that my spirit is unforgetful,

Unforgetful of the laughter and singing of mortals.

I long for my Sisters, the Indian Maidens.

I long so to teach them your freedom, your  
beauty . . .

The secrets you yourselves taught me.

[*While she is speaking, the SPIRITS OF THE FOREST beckon to the WATER SPIRITS, and, creeping to the shore, they whisper together. They point to the lake and to the woods, then glide back silently into the shadows of the great trees. The WATER SPIRITS swim away noiselessly. GLAD HEART rises, and brushing her hand across her eyes, begins to dance. There is faint music, Lieurance's "Indian Love Song" again.*]

See! I dance to show you I am happy!

I dance to show you that I love you. . . .

Only you. . . .

I will forget my mortal sisters!

See! I dance. . . .

[*Perceiving that she is alone, she drops down, and with a little sob she buries her head in her arms. The darkness begins to creep in, then the whole stage glows with a golden light and from the wood and from the lake, comes the sound of girls' voices, singing. The music is that of "The Netherland Hymn." They sing these words*]:

We gather together from East and from Northland.

From West and from Southland we come unto you.

We beg you to guide us, to teach us, and to love us.

Oh, Glad Heart, we are yours,

And to you we'll be true!

[*GLAD HEART rises, her face illumined with great joy. As the music swells, coming ever nearer,*

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*she opens her arms as though to embrace them all,  
and*

*The Stage is Darkened.]*

NOTE: If desired the singers may approach in canoes from the water, and bearing flashlights come through the woods.

## NOTES





## NOTES

### THE FAIRY FOUR-LEAF:

The first song . . . adapted to "Introduction to Reinecke's Child Operetta," Schneewittchen.

"Where the Bee Sucks," "Midsummer Night's Dream,"  
arr. by Dr. Arne.

"You Spotted Snakes," "Midsummer Night's Dream," by  
Mendelssohn.

"Four Leaf Clover Song," Brownell.

Opening, "Fairies' Dance," Chopin, Op. 64, No. 2.

Closing, "Fairies' Dance," Chopin, Op. 69.

Moonbeams and Shadows, "Dance of the Mist Maids,"  
from "The Blue Bird," by Hugo Wolf.

Little Owlets, "Fire and Water," from the same.

Dragonflies, "Le Papillon," Chopin.

Night Moth, Heller's "Im Walde."

Bat, "Dance of the Hours," "Gioconda," Ponchionello.

Happy Frogs, Dance of the Gnomes, by Rheinhold.

Fireflies, "Hexentanz," MacDowell.

Dancers of the Mists, "To a Water Lily," MacDowell.

Gypsy Dance, "Torch Dance," Edward German.

Gypsy Dance, "Hungarian Dance, No. 5," Brahms.

Gypsy Life (Song), Robert Schuman.

### *Setting*

The photographs will suggest possibilities for your own stage. The spiderweb was woven with white yarn on nails driven into a rustic frame. The daisies were of crêpe

paper, wire enforced. The stems were of bamboo, and in order that they might be quickly put into place and quickly removed, they slipped into small sections of lead pipe, driven into the ground. The toadstool, a round rough table, straw padded and covered with white cloth, had its stem painted white. The base was broad so as to be firm yet portable, and when in position, covered by leaves. The campfire was ready in the great kettle, that is to say, pine chips were in it, and during the gypsy music the kettle was carried into position, dumped, and with the striking of a match, the campfire was ablaze.

All the slight changes were made in a few seconds in the dark, during the music. Each girl was assigned some particular task. For instance, two moved the toadstool, one placed leaves at its base, two fastened up the cobweb.

The mechanism of the cobweb, with diagrams for its construction will be given on request.

#### FAIRY TALE WOOD:

Red Riding Hood, "The Dancing Doll," Poldini.

The Seven Dwarfs, "March of the Dwarfs," Grieg.

Jack and Jill, "Dancing Lesson, Hansel and Gretel," by  
Humperdink.

Seven Swans, "Comin' through the Rye."

Happy Hours, "Amaryllis."

Little Fears, "Hall of the Mountain King," Grieg.

The Good Fairies, L'Eclair, "Call Me Thine Own."

The Witches, "Witches' Dance, Hansel and Gretel,"  
Humperdink.

Music for Gala Dance after Transformation, Grieg's  
"Wedding Day."

## THE PAGEANT OF CHUNN'S COVE:

For the first dance, any music may be used. The fairies are merely to screen the stage partially while the table is being placed by other fairies. "Op. 66" of Chopin may be used.

Dance when fairies strew flowers, any music, Chopin's "Op. 37, No. 2" is suggested.

For the march, Chopin, "Op. 26 C # minor."

April, Dixie, Miss Moffett, dances arranged by the Vestoff Serova Studios, New York.

Fireflies, MacDowell's "Witches' Dance."

Night Moth, Spider, Bat, Chopin, "Impromptu, Op. 29, No. 1."

Woodwise's pantomime, "Accompaniment to the Erlking," by Shubert, closing on triumphant crescendo.

Two Butterflies, by the Vestoff Serova Studios.

Finale, Grieg's "Wedding Day."

*Setting*

Practically the same as that for The Fairy Four-Leaf, only the toadstool and the web may be stationary, as there is no change of setting.

## THE LAND OF THE GLAD HEART:

The music for this play is incorporated in the text.

Diagrams and patterns may be had upon request for any of the plays.



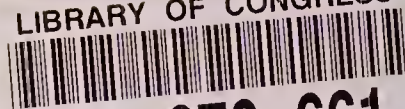








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